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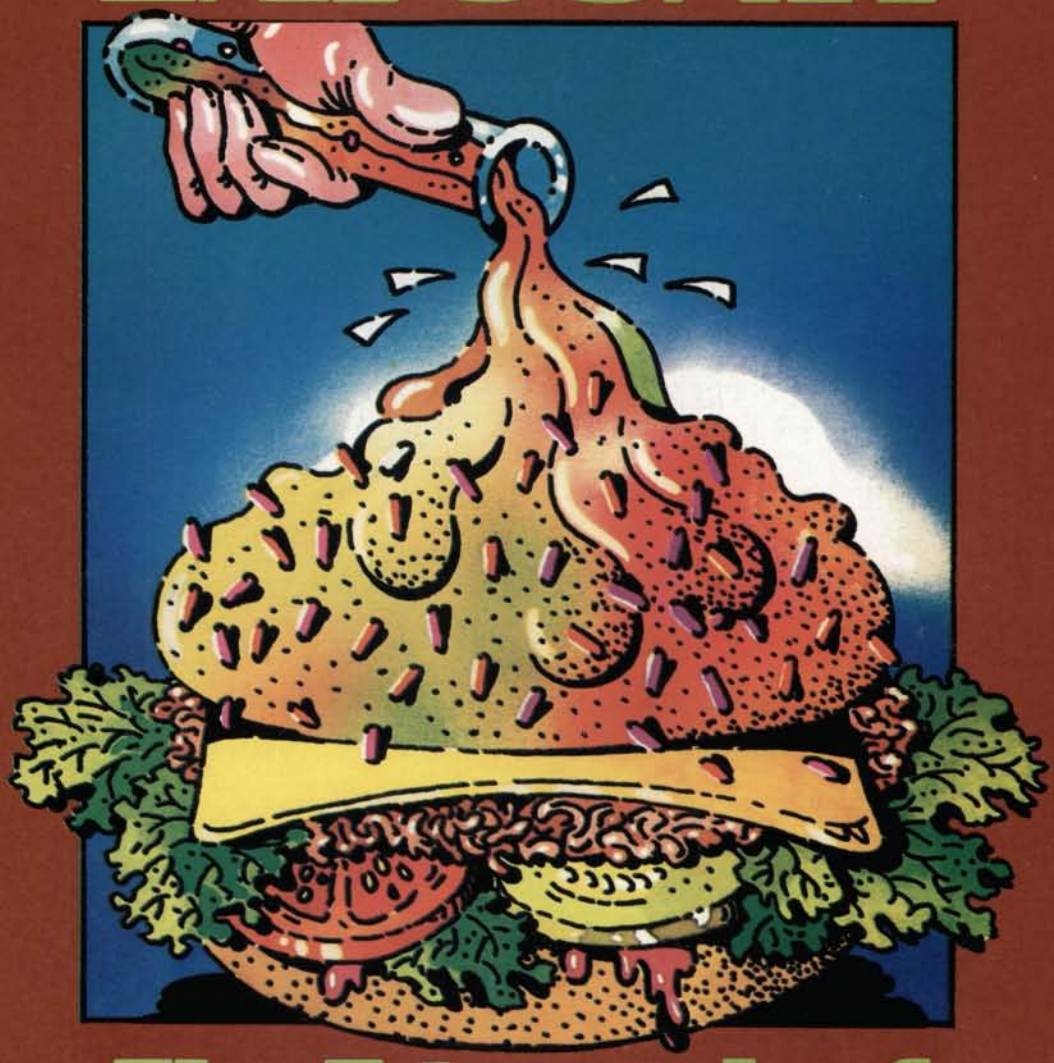
Saturday Review

France's New Reactionaries

LET THEM EAT JUNK



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10 Carlton have less tar than 1:

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Merit	8	0.6
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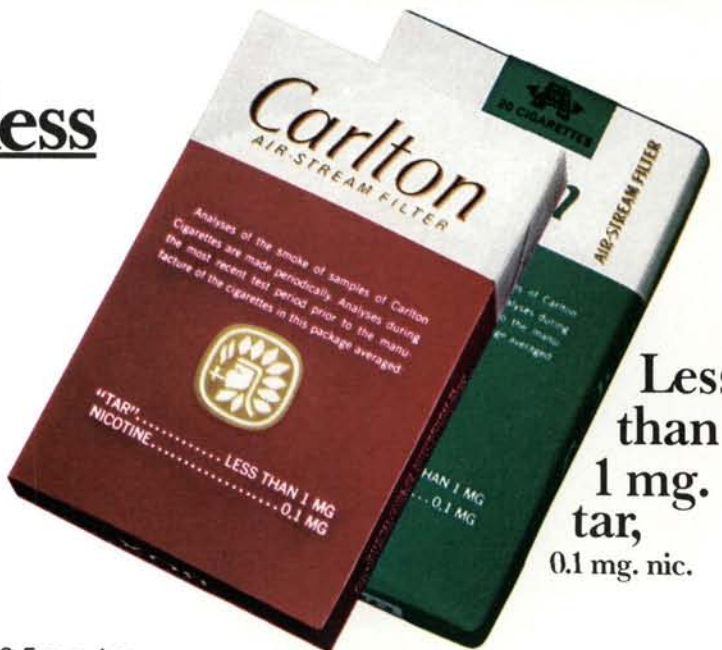
Winston Lights	13	0.9
Carlton Soft Pack	**1**	**0.1**
Carlton Menthol	**less than 1**	**0.1**
Carlton Box	**less than 0.5**	**0.05**



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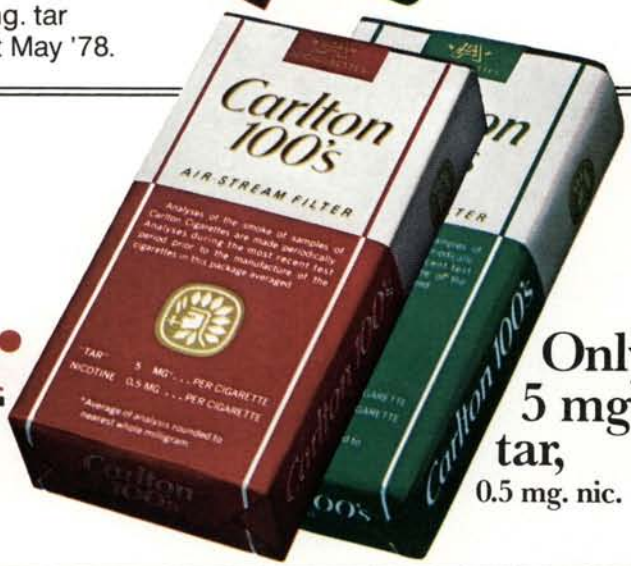

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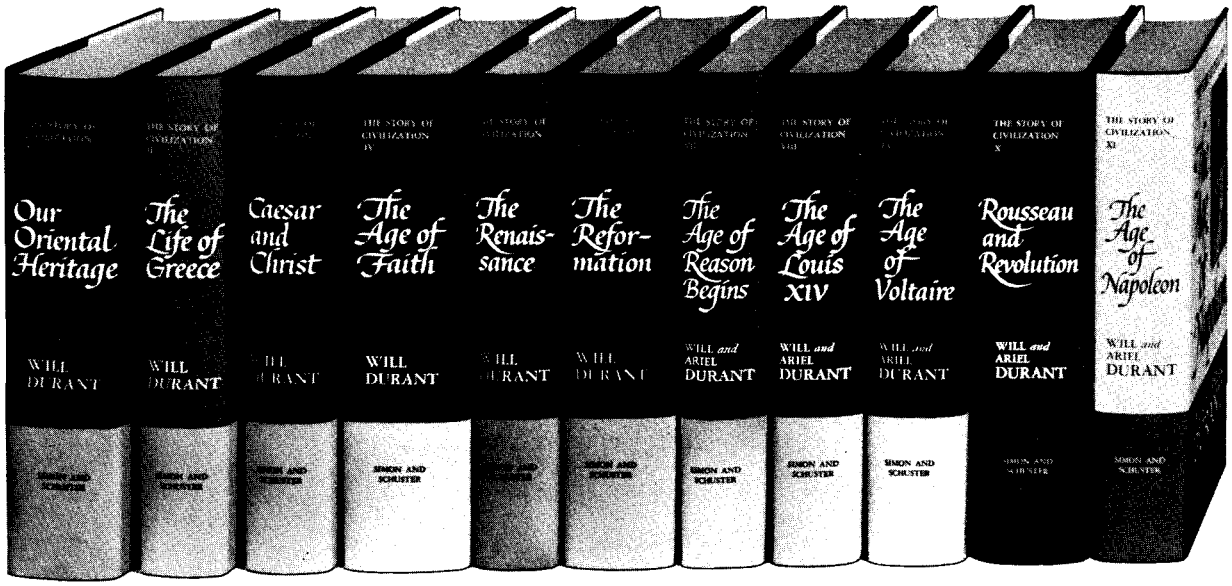

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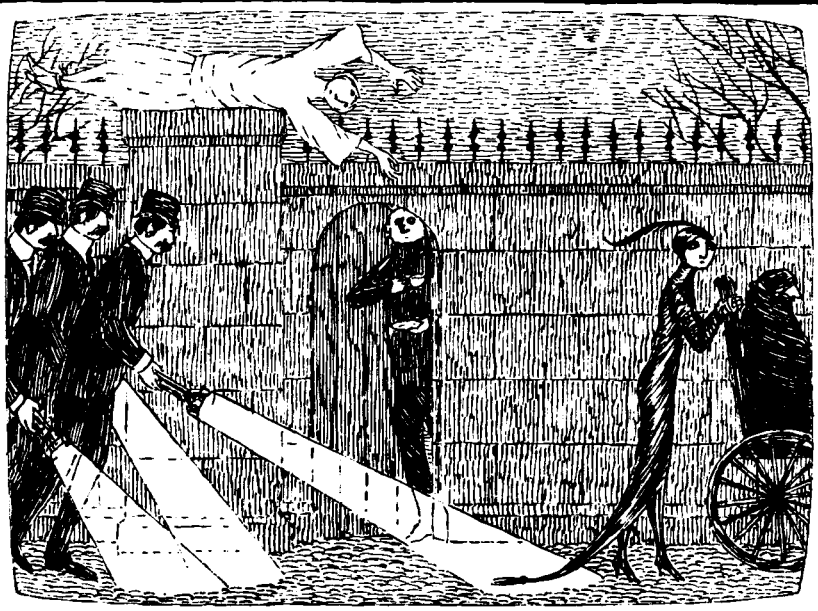

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LETTERS

Taking the Initiative

Michael Nelson's recent article, "Power to the People: The Crusade for Direct Democracy" [November 24], is a landmark in American political life. It offers a thorough examination of the right of the electorate to vote on national issues. Thank you for recognizing the obvious and urgent need for at least *some* direct democracy in this country.

Matt Shermer
New York, New York

Michael Nelson's analysis of the use of initiatives was deeply flawed by his omission of any discussion of the importance of money in initiative campaigns.

In the light of Supreme Court decisions *(Buckley* v. *Valeo,* 1976; and *First National Bank of Boston* v. *Bellotti,* 1978) giving corporations the right to spend unlimited amounts of money in these campaigns, Nelson's failure to mention money greatly distorts the reader's sense of the political arena in which the campaigns occur.

The importance of financing can be seen in the results of a study by the Council on Economic Priorities, which examined the impact of corporate spending on 16 November 1978 initiatives and referendums. CEP found that of the 12 campaigns in which the corporate-backed side outspent its opponents, the corporate position won in eight elections. When the corporate-backed side did not outspend its opponents, corporate positions lost in all four elections. Corporations often outspent their opponents by ratios of 10 to 1 and more.

The Supreme Court, by treating corporations as individuals under the First Amendment, has granted them a grotesque and unfair advantage in initiative campaigns. *Dick Bell*
Cambridge, Massachusetts

On Predicting

James Traub's article, "Futurology: The Rise of the Predicting Profession" [December], is, in many respects, misleading. I was particularly disturbed by the offhanded way in which Mr. Traub dismissed the credentials of our staff. He wrote that most of our researchers "have rather scanty academic backgrounds." In fact, 17 percent of our research staff have Ph.D's, 59 percent have their masters, and the remainder have college degrees. On the average, our staff members graduated 9.2 years ago and some of our people have extensive experience (20 years in industry, for example). They are second to none in our profession. That policy research is a profession—with the objective of improving decision-making in the presence of uncertainty—is unfortunately the key point that Mr. Traub missed. *Theodore J. Gordon*
President
The Futures Group
Glastonbury, Connecticut

Paul Dickson's very enlightening and timely "It'll Never Fly, Orville: Two Centuries of Embarrassing Predictions" [December], only reemphasizes what I and more prestigious predecessors have always said: Never say never!

A. A. Chiccitt, Jr.
Chicago, Illinois

Burger Briefs

I would like to enter a dissent to Tim O'Brien's "The Dubious Justice of Warren Burger" [December].

The Supreme Court under Chief Justice Earl Warren forged rules on the gathering of evidence that have resulted in numerous hearings on the admissibility of evidence. The hearings wear out the victim of the crime and the witnesses who often become so disgusted that they do not proceed to the merits of the case. In operation, the criminal justice system has become little more than an ego trip for the lawyers and the judges involved.

Justice Burger's decisions indicate that he is trying to get back to the reality of crime in the United States.

Ralph Slovenko
Professor of Law
Wayne State University
Detroit, Michigan

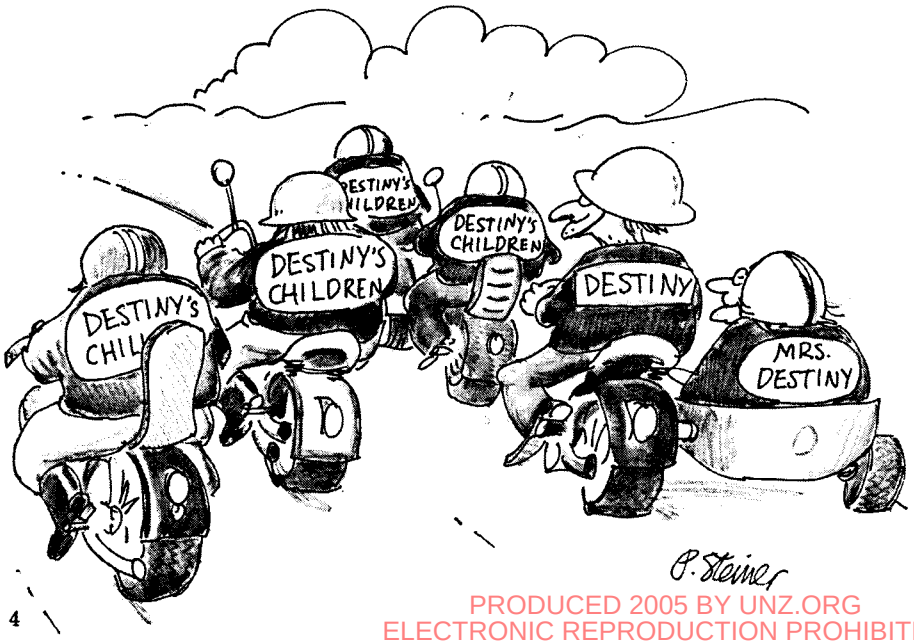
Talk about a hatchet job! I am no legal expert nor a particular fan of the Burger Court, but I am appalled at the caliber of Tim O'Brien's article. I was prepared to read a legal discussion of the Court's weaknesses and found myself involved in a petty, cheap discussion of personality and political philosophy.

Berl Falbaum
Oak Park, Michigan

While reading Tim O'Brien's excellent article, I was fascinated to find William Rehnquist described as a troglodyte. I am not sure just what word Mr. O'Brien had in mind, but I doubt he meant that the Supreme Court has a resident cave dweller. I eagerly await clarification on this matter. *Jennifer A. Gordon*
Chicago, Illinois

Tim O'Brien replies: That's exactly what I meant.

Please address letters for publication to Letters to the Editor, Saturday Review, *1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, New York 10019. Letters may be edited for space and clarity. We are unable to acknowledge or return unused letters.*



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POLL RESULTS

IN *SATURDAY REVIEW*'S first Readers Poll (October 27, 1979), we asked a number of questions about the 1980 presidential candidates. The results, based on more than 3,000 responses, are illuminative—and in some instances, surprising.

Two major findings emerged from the survey: First, our readers reveal a remarkable lack of confidence in America's present leadership, as evidenced by their strong dissatisfaction with most of the declared contenders for the presidency. Second, readers place considerably more emphasis on a candidate's stand on the issues than on his personal life, personality, or his popularity at the polls.

Politically, the largest number of those who replied (44 percent) classify themselves as Democrats. Thirty percent term themselves independents, and 22 percent regard themselves as Republicans. Fifty-nine percent voted for Jimmy Carter in 1976.

Given the political orientation of the participants, it is not surprising that three of the four presidential candidates (declared and undeclared) considered most "appealing" are Democrats. The results show, however, that almost all the candidates, be they Democrats or Republicans, are short on "appeal." In fact, only Vice President Walter Mondale is clearly favored by a majority of readers (55 percent); Jimmy Carter, though, is not far behind, scoring an impressive 50 percent positive rating. An eye-opening finding is that Howard Baker ranks third (45 percent), above Ted Kennedy (44 percent), who is deemed "not at all appealing" by 48 percent. Among those also thought unappealing is Governor Jerry Brown (71 percent), who fares only slightly better than fellow Californian and former governor Ronald Reagan (75 percent).

Howard Baker ranks third ... above Ted Kennedy.

Participants were asked to rate the importance of a variety of "personal" factors relating to a candidate. Overwhelmingly, they reply that such issues would play only a minor role in their voting decision: Five percent say they would be influenced by a candidate's religion, 26 percent by his lifestyle, 17 percent by his charisma. Notably, however, of those who do place importance on the lifestyle and home life, more favor Carter (44 - 46 percent) than Kennedy (20 - 22 percent). But among those who say charisma will influence their decision, Kennedy is the clear favorite, drawing 60 percent to Carter's 36 percent.

Sixty-five percent of the readers state that the standing of a candidate in the polls definitely does not affect their balloting decision.

What *does* strongly affect their votes, readers say, is a candidate's position on vital foreign and domestic issues. A majority of respondents (87 percent) feel that a candidate's stance on inflation is an "extremely important" factor, and a nearly equal number (85 percent) believe his position on energy is extremely important. A sound majority also feel that his position on arms limitation (63 percent) and the Middle East (59 percent) is extremely important. Nearly half the participants (48 percent) cite health care as extremely important. Interestingly, Carter receives more support among those who feel strongly about health care than does Kennedy, who has made the issue a foundation of his campaign. A minority of respondents to the poll (30 percent) believe that a candidate's position on communism is of extreme importance.

Despite the relatively slight interest in the personal wealth of a candidate, there is a marked interest in how a candidate obtains his political financing. Seventy-eight percent of the respondents see this as significantly determining their vote. A candidate's choice of running mate and of potential Cabinet members is also viewed by readers as important factors.

The results of *SR* Readers Poll Number 1 were encouraging. The American public has been told that a candidate's "image" is what wins an election campaign for him. This poll contradicts that cynical assessment. To our readers, the candidates' positions on inflation, energy, and foreign policy matter more than image and personality, which seem to occupy so much of the media's attention. It is an optimistic sign, and one that is, we hope, indicative of public opinion in general. As for the candidates, they should take the hint and in the coming year address themselves to the issues, not the television camera.

We would like to thank Research and Forecasts, Inc., a New York-based research firm, for their cooperation in preparing the poll and for their tabulation and analysis of the results.

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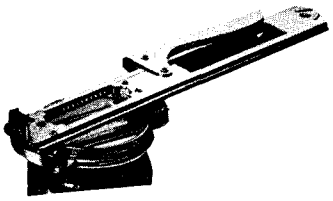

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FRONT RUNNERS

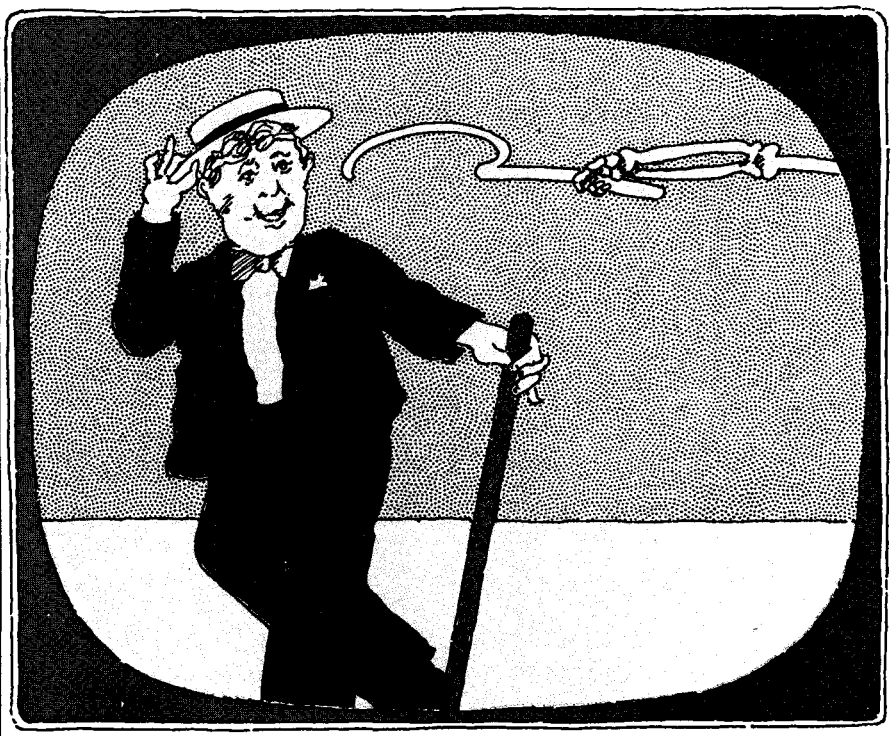
Thanato-TV

For $150 you can have the last laugh. That's how much some California law firms will charge for making a videotape of you reading and signing your will. Of course, there'll be enough tape left over for a few personal comments. Tell your hopeful heirs why you're leaving Rover your entire fortune. Let your son- or daughter-in-law know what you really thought of him or her. When you sign off—permanently—the law firm will play the tape for your beloved or unloved at the reading of the will.

The real value of the tapes is that they provide a record for those who fear that their wills will be contested. But it's the entertainment value that seems to have stirred up most of the interest in Thanato-TV. "No, the report that one of our clients wants to come tap-dancing onto the screen is not true at all," said Richard A. George, a partner in the firm of George & Dapeers, which provides the service. "It's also not true that we provide costumes and props, but the clients could bring their own if they wanted to," he said. "We did get a telephone inquiry from an aspiring actor who wanted the tape to show him wrapped in a shroud, reading his will from a coffin, but he never called back." And a woman in her forties left her husband her entire estate, as well as this admonition:

Please, when all my songs are sung,
Don't fall for someone cute and young.

According to recent rumors, ABC will air a series consisting of these last tapes. *Adios, Amigos* will replace *Three's Company* next fall. Stay tuned.



MYRON GROSSMAN

Extra! Extra! Read All About It!

Here is a useful note in case you happen to get lost near the Arctic on your next world tour. When Denmark granted Greenland home rule late last year, place names were officially changed on the world's largest island. The correct name for Greenland is now Kalaallit Nunaat. When you want the capital, ask the nearest native for Nuuk, not Godthab. And God be with you.

Stirring Controversy

If you think you've got problems—what with inflation, recession, energy, Iran, etc.—take heart: Even Ronald McDonald has them. Recently, representatives of the nation's largest burger purveyor announced that the McDonald's coffee stirrer would be redesigned. The reason for this dramatic innovation? Apparently, the plastic mixer—a long handle with a tiny spoon bowl on the end—comes in handy for sniffers of cocaine and PCP, an animal tranquilizer with hallucinogenic properties. "It has been brought to our attention," said Doug Timberlake, a McDonald's spokesman, "that people are using [the stirrers] illegally ... for purposes for which they were not intended."

Now if only they'd do something about those burgers....

A Real Lord

To most of the world, the man who accompanies Queen Elizabeth on her appointed ceremonial rounds is merely Prince Philip, her husband. But to a group of villagers on the island of Tanna in the New Hebrides, he is more than that. Much more: According to them, Philip is not the royal consort at all. He is nothing less than the Messiah.

The cult, which developed in the early 1960s but remained undiscovered until recently, has about 200 followers. They believe that Philip was taken from their midst after birth and will soon return by boat, disembarking on a specified rock near the village. He will thereupon cure all disease, reverse old age, and in general bring paradise on earth. For the moment, he keeps busy helping to run the commonwealth and consoling Her Majesty, to whom he confessed in 1974 that he was the Melanesian Messiah and that their marriage was doomed.

There have been some dark spots in the Philip worship. Last year, for example, the villagers grew increasingly agitated as it became clear that their leader would once more not appear to assume his

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rightful place. They were placated by an autographed portrait from the prince, which was presented to them along with a supply of English clay pipes. In return, the inhabitants sent Philip a *nal nal*—a carved wooden shaft used for pig-sticking.

The exchange of gifts cemented the relationship. The natives await their leader more fervently than ever. And Philip, who is considering a visit, now knows that no matter how the British feel about the royal family, he will always be wanted somewhere.

For Whom the Bull Rises

Sure you think you can write like Hemingway. Everyone thinks so. You keep your adjectives sharp and clear and bold. You cut your sentences off—short. You weep into your Pernod because he died last week. Your best buddy died, and he touched you more deeply than a woman. But you shake it off, and tighten the belt on your bathrobe, and go back to the typewriter in the big room—the typewriter, warm and humming. And you write good prose. True prose, like Papa wrote it, about bells and bulls. And you put your prose in an envelope, and you press on a stamp with your thumb, and you send it to the Imitation Hemingway Contest, Harry's Bar and American Grill, ABC Entertainment Center, 2020 Avenue of the Stars, Century City, Los Angeles, Calif. 90067.

Old Chesthair probably would not have approved, but last year, the competition's second, 700 people tried their hand at "one good page of really 'bad' Hemingway in the master's style." The winner gets a weekend trip for two to Harry's Bar and American Grill in Florence, dinner included. The lampoon must mention Harry's Bar.

Hurry, for the moment approaches, big with possibility. The entry deadline is February 15.

Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. Please send to: Front Runners, Saturday Review, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York, N.Y. 10019

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EDITORIAL

The End of Ideology

SEVERAL MONTHS AGO, we visited a bicycle factory in a small community near Wusih, in the east-central part of the People's Republic of China. During the lunch break, a little party was held for one of the machinists, a young woman who was to be married two days later. We were invited to join the gathering and met the bride-to-be, who was 27. She spoke to us excitedly about her imminent honeymoon. She and her husband planned a trip to the birthplace of Confucius, a few hundred miles away. They wanted to climb the mountain where the sage was known to have gone to contemplate; they wanted to walk over the same stones and to look out on the same panorama.

Such honeymoon plans would not appear to be unusual for a young Chinese couple; yet it is doubtful that this particular trip could have been planned, let alone discussed in public, only a few years ago. For Confucius had been downgraded by the party leaders of the state. He was a religious-philosophical thinker—reason enough for castigation. Indeed, Confucianism was only one of many Chinese traditions that had been scorned under the political leaders who governed in the decade from the mid-Sixties to the mid-Seventies.

The official and invidious term now assigned to the top four of those leaders is "Gang of Four." Obviously, the quartet does not include Mao Zedong or Zhou Enlai, head of the Communist party and Premier, respectively. The reason given for the exception is that these two heroic figures were old and often ill during that 10-year period and had no way of knowing about the many evils being perpetrated by Mao's wife and the three major party and political figures who effectively held the reins of government during that time. But the "Gang of Four" was discredited at the death of Mao. As a result, the Chinese people were freed to restore continuity with their past, of which Confucius was such a luminous figure. And so today the young machinist and her husband, like many millions of other Chinese, are able to visit not just the magic mountain associated with Confucius but numberless other shrines throughout the country. The Chinese are even able to visit the royal palaces and the lavish vacation places of their former emperors.

What has happened is that China, like the Soviet Union, has learned that history is a greater force than ideology. The notion that it is possible or desirable to set aside traditions that have been steeped into the consciousness of a people for centuries is now seen as a shallow and unworkable assumption. What only a few years ago was regarded by Chinese leaders as extraneous historical baggage is now seen as an essential part of the identity of the Chinese, a symbol of what they represent historically as they face the world today and tomorrow. Just as the Russian leaders eventually realized that they were the products of their history, and just as they asserted a connection with their past, so the Chinese leaders today think of their traditions as national assets rather than as liabilities.

It is this very fact of historical rediscovery and assertion that has brought the People's Republic of China and the Soviet Union into bitter confrontation. The Chinese leaders are determined, one way or another, to wrest back the territory seized by the czars. The Soviet leaders have no intention, however, of relinquishing any land gained by their predecessors. In an attempt to break the deadlock, the Chinese have proposed what they believe is a compromise: All they ask now is that the Russians declare that imperialist conquest by anyone, the czars included, was morally wrong. This the Russians have declined to do. Their reasoning, it seems apparent, is that they do not wish to give a moral IOU to the Chinese today that may be exchanged for Russian real estate tomorrow.

And so the world learns, painfully, that history cannot be ignored, that our destinations are approachable only from where we stand, that ideology does not transcend continuity, and that we make progress only as we preside over our past. It was our failure to comprehend this reality that got us into trouble in Vietnam, when we ignored the historical antagonisms between China and her southern neighbors and when we assumed that Vietnam would be China's eager puppet. The present reality, which is marked by open conflict among the Communist nations of southeast Asia, is also a profound indictment of our lack of historical awareness and our tendency, still continuing, to see the world primarily in ideological terms. The United States will exercise its fullest influence in the world when it puts its own history to work, recognizing that its security is not dependent on its ability to set a torch to the world but rests instead on its ability to demonstrate that the highest value lies not in the state but the individual. —N.C.

"Your wife says you left your briefcase on the front lawn."

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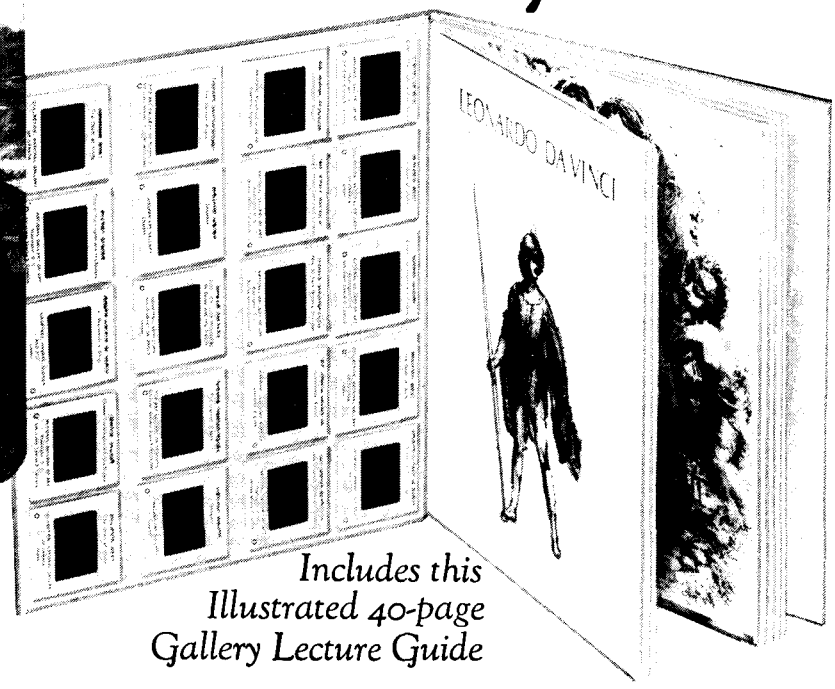

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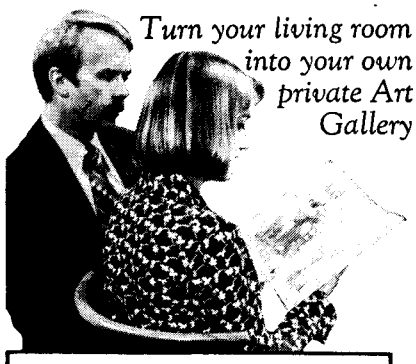

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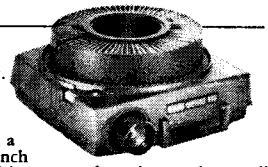

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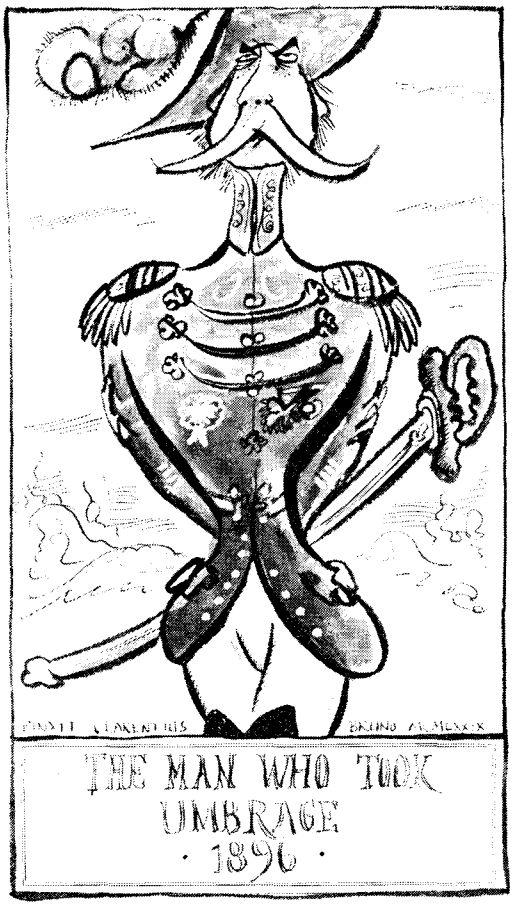
NOTES FROM THE BLUE COAST

Passport, Please

I AM JUST back from travel to your own gray coasts, bruised as always, especially from North American immigration officials. You would think it would be easy for a British subject to enter Canada, but it never is. There, where the passports are reluctantly stamped, the common, protective queenly crown gleams, but the protection is highly nominal. Asked why I wished to enter the Dominion, I said that I was lecturing at an Ontario university. Which one? I was damned if, tired and bemused by the in-flight film, I could remember. This, of course, was suspicious and made me he-who-gets-slapped in an unseemly circus. I was allowed in for a day or two on sufferance, having remembered at last the name of the university, and then I faced the problem of entering the United States.

The United States has set itself up as an extraterritorial power in Toronto airport, and it can be very fierce and Cerberus-like. Asked by the gangster-moustached officer where I lived, I replied Monaco, and he said: Where's that? Now, I had had to get up at 4:30 that morning to catch a 5:23 bus to the airport, and I was not at my most accommodating. I said: It is surely your job as a man dedicated to processing all the citizens of the globe to know where Monaco is, especially since it is half-ruled by an American princess. Then the quarrel began, one which I had no hope of winning. You have, said the official, an H-2 visa instead of a J-1. That, I said, is the fault of your consulate in the visa-issuing territory and nothing to do with me. Improperly equipped as you are, he said, I am disinclined to let you enter the United States. That, I replied, is entirely your privilege, but you now have the responsibility of explaining to a particular midwestern university why it will be ungraced by my presence tonight and tomorrow. Not my responsibility at all, he said, but okay, I'll let you in. He spoke as if he were the Statue of Liberty. I don't want any favors, I said. You'll get the favor, he said, whether you like it or not. So in I had to come. Now, I said, you know where Monaco is. Do I? he snarled. All this was very unpleasant.



Temporarily settled in the town of Buffalo some years ago, I went with an American colleague to visit Niagara Falls, Canada. This, apparently, is always in order for U.S. citizens, but a long screening process is necessary for fellow-members of the British Commonwealth. Had I money? Was my health adequate? I passed the test and was allowed to see the waters of which Gustav Mahler had remarked "*Endlich fortissimo!*" Then came the problem of getting back into U.S. territory. Why do you wish to enter the United States, sir? I am already there, I have just been visiting Canada. This is not a humorous matter, sir; where are your papers? On United States soil; let me in and I will bring them to you. And so on.

My worst immigration experience vis-à-vis the passage from liberated to colonial American territory and back again occurred when I was living in New York City as Distinguished Professor at the City College. I was also concerned with a Broadway musical production that was being tried out in Toronto, and it was necessary for me to cross the Great Lakes for a single evening to see how the show was doing. I was allowed into Canada grudgingly for that purpose, but it seemed to all the immigration officials to be the least plausible excuse they had yet heard for the defiling of Our Lady of the Snows. It seemed clear to me that I would not easily be allowed in again.

The following morning I braved extra-territorial America. Why do you wish to enter the United States? I am already living there, along with my wife and son. This is not a humorous matter, sir. Where are your papers? My papers, etc. Then there was a new line. You cannot possibly under any circumstances fly into those United States over there without a copy of Form BF35/792/NO44dj. This is the first I have heard of it. How do I obtain such a document? You apply to the embassy or consulate in your normal place of residence. You mean I fly back to Europe now to obtain it? If so, I shall have to miss my two o'clock lecture on Convent Avenue in New York City. You cannot be allowed in without it, sir.

Here was an interesting prospect. Both Canada and the U.S. refused me. I would have to camp out indefinitely in the no-man's-land between them, begging dimes of either territory to obtain coffee and cakes from the vending machines. A big man finally relented on behalf of his more intransigent colleagues and said I could go in and do my two o'clock lecture, but I would have to see my student counsellor on campus about getting that BF35/792/NO44dj. I? I, a Distinguished Professor? That's the way things are, professor. But I never heard about BF35/792/NO44dj ever again, and I believe it was temporarily invented just to terrify me.

Once, trying to enter at Kennedy Airport, I was told that my photograph on my passport was no simulacrum of my true self. I would have to prove by some other means than a passport that I was who I said I was. Behind me was a small elderly Sicilian trying to get in. Beyond the barrier, in safe U.S. haven or heaven, his entire family waved at him, calling him Zio Giuseppe. He waved back with empty hands. He had no passport. The immigration official said: Okay, Jooseppy, you get a passport tomorrow. Then he waved him through. Then he got back to the ontological problem of myself. I was clearly never meant to be anybody's immigrant.

—Anthony Burgess

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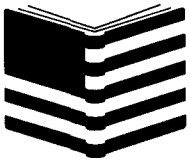

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HOW TO SAVE YOUR LIFE AND THE ONE NEXT TO YOU

OVERCOMING YOUR PSYCHOLOGICAL RESISTANCE TO SEAT BELTS MAY BE THE KEY.

The facts are startling. Experts estimate that about half of all automobile occupant fatalities last year might have been avoided if the people had been wearing seat belts. That's because injuries occur when the car stops abruptly and the occupants are thrown against the car's interior. Belts prevent this.

Many people say they know the facts, but they still don't wear belts. Their reasons range all over the lot: seat belts are troublesome to put on, they are uncomfortable, or they wrinkle your clothes. Some people even think getting hurt or killed in a car accident is a question of fate; and therefore, seat belts don't matter.

If you're one of those people who don't use belts for one reason or another, please think carefully about your motivations. Are your objections to seat belts based on the facts or on rationalizations?

Here are a few of the common rationalizations. Many people say they are afraid of being trapped in a car by a seat belt. In fact, in the vast majority of cases, seat belts protect passengers from severe injuries, allowing them to escape more quickly. Another popular rationalization: you'll be saved by being thrown clear of the car. Here again, research has proved that to be untrue—you are almost always safer inside the car.

Some people use seat belts for highway driving, but rationalize it's not worth the trouble to buckle up for short trips. The numbers tell a different story: 80% of all automobile accidents causing injury or death involve cars traveling under 40 miles per hour. And three quarters of all collisions happen less than 25 miles from the driver's home.

When you're the driver, you have the psychological authority to convince all of the passengers that they should wear seat belts. It has been shown that in a car, the driver is considered to be an authority figure. A simple reminder from you may help save someone's life. And please remember children can be severely injured in automobile accidents, too. Make sure Child Restraint Systems are used for children who aren't old enough to use regular seat belts.

Because so many people still don't use their seat belts, the government has directed that some form of passive restraint—one that doesn't require any action by the occupant—be built into every car by the 1984 model year. GM is offering one such restraint—a new type of automatic belt—as an option on the 1980 Chevette to gain insight into its public acceptance.

By the 1982 model year, we must begin putting passive restraints in all full-size cars and, eventually, into the entire fleet. But until you purchase one of these cars of the future, you can protect yourself and others by using seat belts and urging your family and friends to follow your example.

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Le Nouveau Nazism
A Rightist Fashion From France

by Marci McDonald

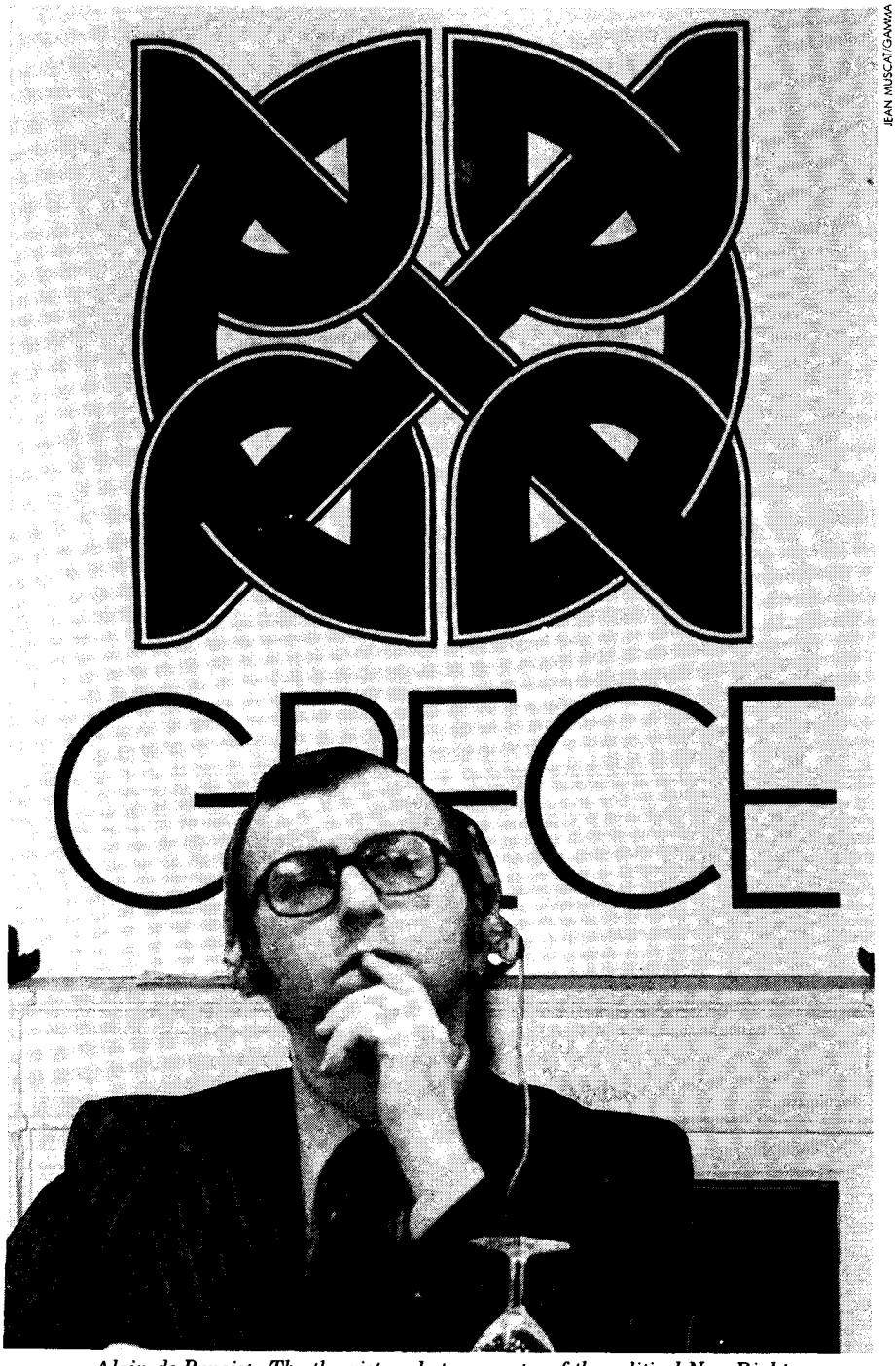
The crisis consists precisely in the fact that the old is dying and the new cannot be born; in this interregnum a great variety of morbid symptoms appears.

Antonio Gramsci, *Prison Notebooks*

HE IS THE sort of man who might give the adjective nondescript new resonance. A sallow face, not recently shaved, fades into a sedentary physique. Unruly brown locks hover uncertainly over unremarkable brown eyes. No messianic fervor glints off the scholarly horn rims. No intimations of megalomania intrude into this sterile cubicle above a printing press in one of Paris's most un-chic *arrondissements*. Indeed, in a time when style is often mistaken for content—when the cut of a man's thoughts is frequently measured by the cut of his sideburns, and the lunatic fringe has always seemed readily identifiable by its goose step through old newsreels or the bedsheets in its wardrobe—Alain de Benoist is nothing if not disarming.

At 35, this mild-mannered Frenchman has become the storm center of a new political phenomenon that has shaken France out of its ideological torpor. As the chief thinker for what he unabashedly calls the "New Right," he has synthesized, popularized, and almost succeeded in making respectable racial and elitist theories that haven't passed as loose change in Europe since Hitler.

In books, articles, and seminars, Benoist and a fistful of other *Nouvelle Droite* proponents have looked into contemporary chaos and come up with their own diagnosis of the ills. Not only is man not created equal, but all the misguided attempts to make him so are rotting the fabric of society. "The enemy," he writes, "is not the left or communism or subversion, but purely and simply egalitarian ideology whose formulas have flourished for 2,000 years." Throwing out egalitarianism, he also consigns democracy, Moses, and Jesus to the trash bins of history. The sin of the Judeo-Christian tradition is not merely preaching brotherhood; it fosters "inca-



JEAN MUSCAT/GAMMA

Alain de Benoist—The theorist and storm center of the political New Right.

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pacitating and guilt-inducing myths."

If that has all the symptoms of another soporific European philosophy, the ramifications are reason enough to sound the alarms. In the land of liberty, equality, and fraternity, a nucleus of influential young professionals, aged 25 to 35, wants to reject the very core of Occidental thinking.

Appalled by the decline of the West in general and the disorder of the May 1968 French student riots in particular, these men have cemented their disaffection in a pledge—as Benoist puts it—"to start again from zero." That took them back two millennia to the celebration of a pagan meritocracy—a government of the "gifted" who trace their roots to the Parthenon and the bloody tooth and claw of Germano-Celtic legend. Dusting off Nietzsche, they also resuscitated his Superman. Not a word is breathed about Aryans; the buzzword for the super race now is "Indo-Europeans."

Quick to denounce the excesses of nazism, Benoist nevertheless edits a magazine which once defined National Socialism as a movement that failed because of its "romantic racism." The New Rightists have no intention of repeating the mistake. Theirs is a racism both more subtle and more difficult to dispute, supported as it is by the props of modern science. Larding their writings with a dizzying selection of scholarly footnotes, they have presented contentious genetic and biological theories as unqualified gospel—the underpinnings of their argument for Indo-European superiority and against *café-au-laiticization,* their coy way of saying race-mixing. Even they acknowledge that it is more than a coincidence that their publications have concentrated on California psychologist Arthur Jensen, who postulates that blacks have lower IQs for hereditary reasons; a South African professor named J.D. Hofmeyer who believes he can show that black African civilization is lagging 160,000 years behind that of Europe; and an obscure former World Health official who, before parting company with the organization, wrote a pamphlet comparing blacks to lobotomized Europeans.

"It's a basic sociological fact that people want to mix and marry with people who are like themselves," says Benoist. "I don't see why they should be forced to mix when they don't want to." He shies from championing measures that would preclude racial intercourse, but lauds the tools of the game: abortion, sterilization, mercy killing, and genetic manipulation. If each has its separate following for quite separate reasons, taken together they bolster a doctrine that has always had its fans among the marginal hysterics on every continent. But the New Right can't be so easily dismissed. Although the traditional far right has never been able to rally more than 2 percent of the French vote in the last 10 years, the strength of this upstart hybrid defies measurement by the traditional yardstick of the ballot box. It fields no candidates, carries the colors of no particular party, and shows no interest in creating a mass movement.

Borrowing from the enemy, Italian Marxist philosopher Antonio Gramsci, the New Right has lifted the notion that the real power in any society lies not in politics but in culture—ideas, values, and public opinion. Once a school of thought has its grip on movie reviews, Gramsci says, votes will surely follow.

Accordingly, the New Right's strategy

HENRI BUREAU/SYGMA

Yvan Blot, president of the Club de l'Horloge—'joins the chorus against race-mixing.'

has been to bypass the campaign trail for the real control centers—the media and the idea mills just off the corridors of power. Judged by that criterion, their success has been astounding. Last summer, France was jolted awake by a series of exposés which revealed that New Rightists had permeated the press and the two key political parties of the majority, infiltrated the highest levels of government, and insinuated themselves into the offices of cabinet ministers where they ghost-write books and dish up ideology that has become the backbone of new legislation.

From a small "society of thought" founded by Benoist and five others in 1968, they have swelled to a select membership of 1,500 journalists, publicists, teachers, and civil servants who call themselves the Research and Study Group on European Civilization, which translates nicely into the French acronym GRECE—a punning tribute to their spiritual homeland. If the subscription lists of their three publications are any measure, they can claim another 10,000 to 15,000 sympathizers. Their publishing house, Copernic Editions, is thriving on such titles as *Race and Intelligence, The Inequality of Man,* and Benoist's own *View From the Right,* considered the *Nouvelle Droite* bible. GRECE has circles in France's eight largest cities and its most prestigious universities, including the tony *École Nationale d'Administration,* President Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's alma mater.

Out of that circle has sprung an even more powerful core of top-level functionaries who—inspired by a clock in their meeting room—dubbed themselves the *Club de l'Horloge.* Its 120 members, many of them brisk young ministerial assistants, invent doctrine for the Gaullist and Giscardian parties, and some see the club's shadow behind France's stiff new measures on law and order and immigrant workers. Yvan Blot, the club's 31-year-old blond, blue-eyed president, who serves as right-hand man to the secretary-general of the neo-Gaullist party, is careful to qualify the club as "republican." But that claim is jeopardized by Blot's background as an early member of GRECE, and founder of one of its first university chapters. The group's latest collective book, *The Politics of the Living,* takes up GRECE's favorite theme, with loud choruses against race-mixing as an express way to "an immense retrogradation" of European racial stock and a "privileged route to genocide."

That note echoes through certain chapters of the published ruminations of former French Interior Minister Michel Poniatowski, *The Future Is Written Nowhere,* which Benoist himself is rumored to have partially ghosted. He declines the credit, while noting—not without pride—that some of his writings seem to have been borrowed verbatim. Poniatowski is, after all, Giscard's closest confidant and advisor. Indeed, the president is upset enough with the news that the New Right has risen to within such uneasy elbowroom that he prompted two of his own party's spokesmen to denounce it, lest there be any misunderstanding.

The New Right's most significant coup has been to install itself in the pages of the Paris daily, *Le Figaro,* taking control of its year-old weekend magazine, which now boasts a circulation of 85,000. There, each Saturday, under director Louis Pauwels and a staff who admits its allegiance to Stonehenge rather than the Vatican, Benoist rattles on about Indo-Europeans and genetics as cultural editor. Among the glossy pages, other writers laud the glories of bygone Greece under the guise of travel articles and catalogue the tribulations of Rudolf Hess, the "world's oldest prisoner." While their views don't spill over into the daily newsprint, it may be no accident that the New Right has surfaced in pop form under the venerable masthead of a paper controlled by Robert Hersant, a onetime Nazi collaborator.

Indeed, for many Frenchmen, this New Right resembles nothing more than

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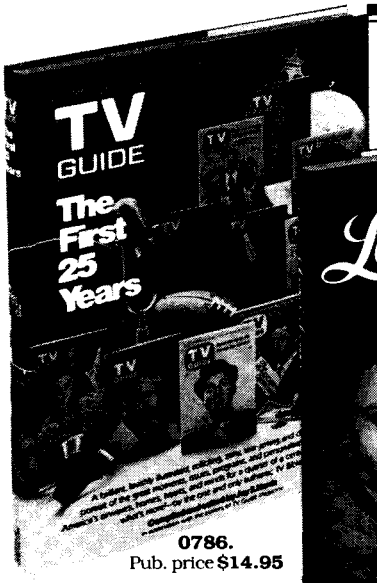
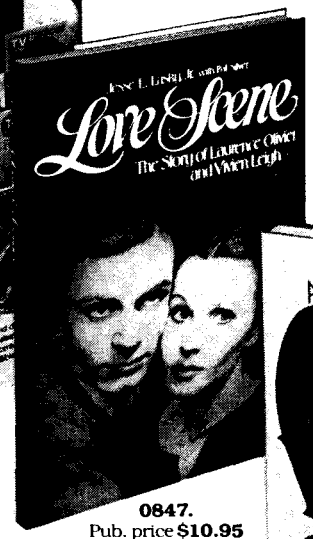


0786.
Pub. price **$14.95**



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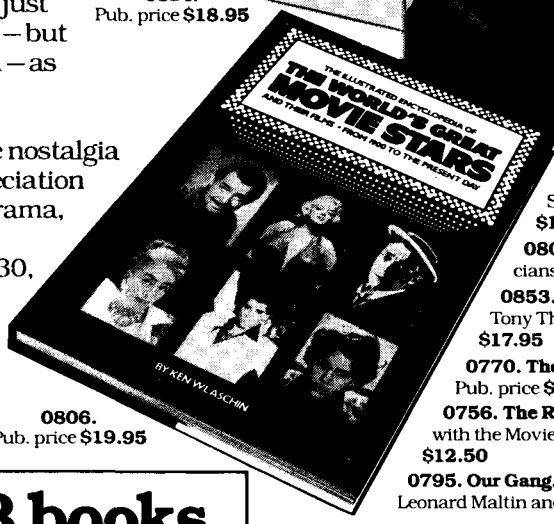
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the old right dressed in new clothes—the updated cloak of technocracy and science. French scientists have begun to speak out against the distortion of their discipline for the New Right's political profit—the staggering number of scientific references is clearly designed to dazzle the uninitiated. "In this case, science is only a pretext," rages genetics expert Albert Jacquard of the University of Paris, "an alleged reason to hide the real motive."

That real motive gives some a clear sense of *déjà vu*. After watching the *Nouvelle Droite* for six months, August von Kageneck, Paris correspondent of *Die Welt* and the Springer press group in Germany—themselves hardly noted for their excessive liberalism—was moved to protest in *Le Monde:* "When I leaf through Alain de Benoist's magisterial work, *View From the Right,* I, a German, find once more the distant nightmares of my youth....I heard [those same questions] being posed 40 years ago during the *Schulungs-Abende,* the indoctrination evenings of the Hitler youth in my native Rhineland."

Under its emblem, the stylized diagonal cross of Kells, GRECE has vented its taste for ritual by opening meetings with the salutation, *"Soleil, Race!"* ("Sun, Race"). It airs its affection for the military in an army liaison committee "designed to counter subversion" and a magazine entitled *The Armed Nation.*

While the French may find it comforting to blame the rise of the New Right on Benoist's admitted "Germania," its roots are planted firmly within Gallic soil. Nearly 200 years after the French Revolution, the aristocracy continues to flourish in Paris boardrooms, and the sense of social order is still firmly embedded in a country where a 1976 Organization for Economic Development Cooperation study found a greater gap between rich and poor than in any other Western nation. For spiritual ancestry, the New Right need search no farther than Charles Maurras, the unrepentant royalist who used the Dreyfus affair to sow such malignant seeds of anti-Semitism with his *Action Française* movement that he was imprisoned for collaboration with the Nazis.

Indeed, discredited by their ties to the Fuehrer, most of the French right was forced into a furtive 35-year silence. To this day, the occupation can evoke squirms in some of France's finest salons, and *The Sorrow and the Pity,* Marcel Ophuls's documentary on the Vichy years, has never been shown on national TV in his own country. It is not insignificant then that the New Right has blossomed among a generation born in the fading sirens of the liberation, who has no clouded historical memory and no collective "collabo" guilt. "The events of the last war are more and more in the past," says Benoist. "Old political labels mean less and less. The young have no reason to be ashamed."

His generation grew up to another reality: the stranglehold on ideological fashion held by the left. Finding themselves virtually schoolboy pariahs, Benoist and most of the others who now control GRECE and *Le Figaro Magazine* banded together early, as teenagers, publishing the militant extreme right tabloid *Europe Action.* Seven years later, while French university students brought the country to a standstill in the May 1968 riots, marking the dawning of the New Left, Benoist and his friends gathered in the south of France to give birth to the New Right.

At first low-profile, even clandestine, the New Right has surfaced gradually with the changing social climes. Their

ALAIN MINGAM/GAMMA

Louis Pauwels, director of *Le Figaro*—'the New Right is installed in its pages.'

way was paved by the *Nouveaux Philosophes* who made disenchantment with Marx and the Soviets chic. When the alliance of French Socialists and Communists crumbled in bitter doctrinal squabbles during the March 1978 election, the decline of the left was complete. Into that political vacuum—made all the roomier by impending economic panic—the New Right has stepped, like some understudy awaiting the summons into the spotlight.

"Le Figaro Magazine wouldn't have been possible five years ago," acknowledges Benoist. "But it's an enormous success. I think there's a large place for our ideas now."

Opponents are hard-pressed to disagree—the backlash after the airing of *Holocaust* on French TV this past spring revealed that racism had been lying close to the surface. Georges Nicod of the International League Against Racism and Anti-Semitism worries that, "Every time there's a crisis, there's a scapegoat. Today in France, it's the North Africans, the blacks, the immigrant workers. But tomorrow it can be the Jews. We're alarmed. This recession can fatten the New Right's ranks."

At a time when the whole of the Western world seems to be listing to political starboard, the interlocking crises of energy, inflation, and unemployment are forcing Europe to turn upon itself. This New Right, which—unlike the old nationalistic right wings—is pan-European, seems to be swimming along nicely with the swing of the rudder. GRECE's influence has so far spread only as far as small like-minded magazines in Italy and Germany. Benoist disowns any political connections, but France's tiny extremist *Parti des Forces Nouvelles* has jumped onto the New Right bandwagon, and they in turn have forged an alliance with the fascist parties of both Spain and Italy under the umbrella banner *Eurodroit.* Thousands of ardent Spanish adolescents have flocked to join Spain's Francoist *Fuerza Nueva* party, and to see 150,000 of them massed in Madrid's Plaza de Oriente is to understand the full fragility of democracy's flowering there.

The kindred Italian Social Movement has made even greater electoral inroads, and Benoist himself fingers Italy as the soil most receptive to the French New Right's germinating ideas. Still, he does not concern himself with the political harvest. "Certainly one day we'll arrive at a political action," he says. "But it appears so far from now I'm not sure I'll see it in my lifetime."

When the French press first exposed the New Right last summer, there was talk that nothing would nip its growth faster than the harsh glare of publicity. But that was to misunderstand the theory of metapolitics according to Gramsci. The *Nouvelle Droite* has fattened in defending itself and Benoist has been swamped with publishing offers and requests for interviews. Posing good-naturedly for photographs, patiently explaining that he doesn't feel like a fascist, but old labels are *démodé, n'est-ce pas?,* he never raises his voice in anger. His arguments play the scales of persuasion. Pale and affable, he defuses the time-bomb of old ideological taboos and renders them pop and palatable. It is at once his greatest talent—and his tactic.

Airing dirty linen has never made it clean, but at least it serves to take the smell out. Serving up outrageous racist theses for public debate is the first step toward banalizing them and rendering them common coinage. As Benoist says, ushering yet another journalist out of his office with a smile, "The important thing is not what people are saying about us. It's that they're talking."

Marci McDonald is the French correspondent for Maclean's *magazine.*

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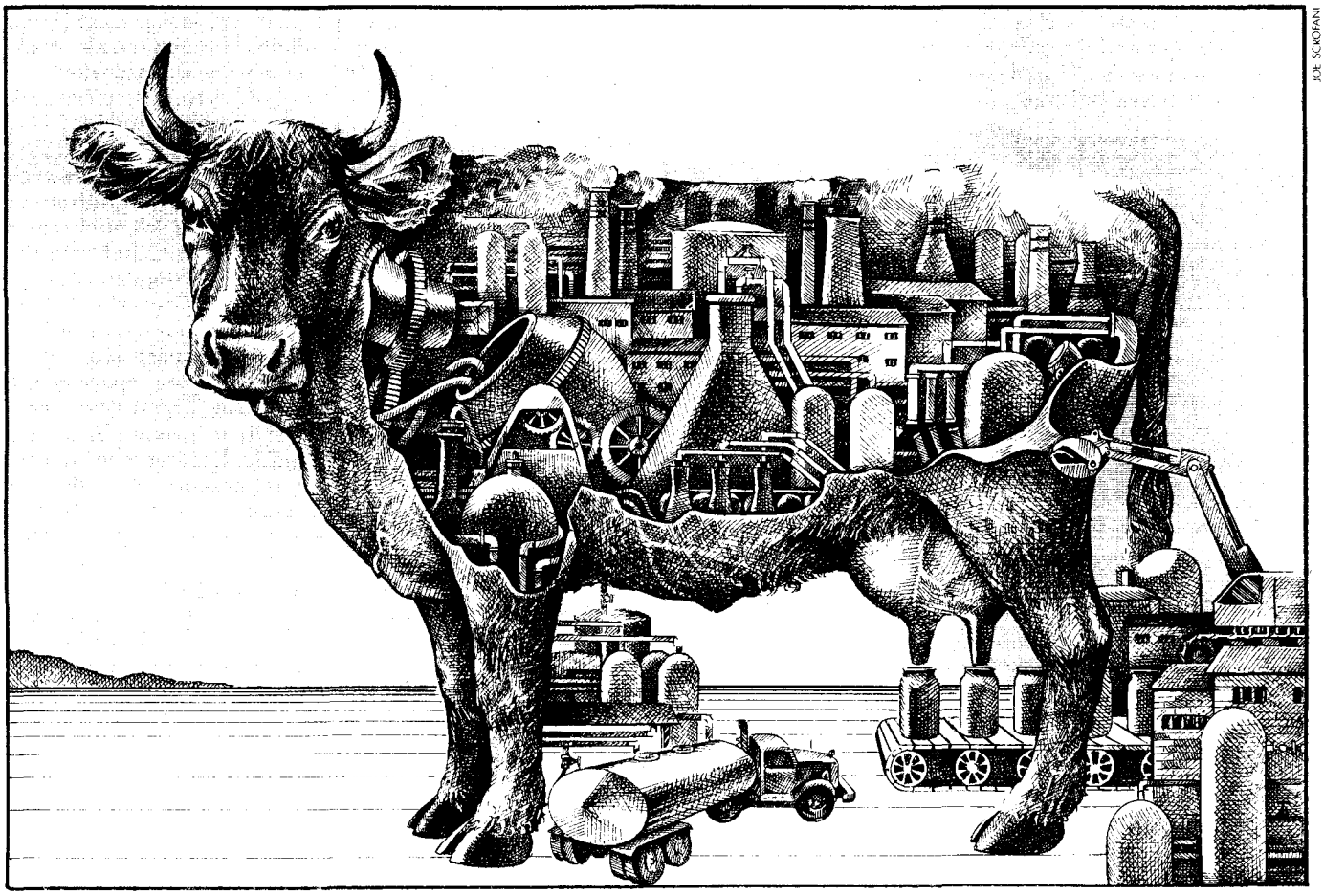
LET THEM EAT JUNK

by William Serrin



JOE SCROFANI

HUNDREDS OF MEN AND WOMEN laden with plastic shopping bags wander a vast midway of booths. Some wear straw hats, party favors from a turn-of-the-century gala the night before. All around them, on placards hanging from the roof of the Cervantes Convention Exhibition Center in St. Louis, are signs hawking their companies' products.

- Prefabricated pork chops triumph with H & R natural and artificial flavors.
- VD has the scoop on True-to-Life flavors.
- Nutrifox VDD sodium tripolyphosphate is the one for meat-curing applications.
- Now Amazio adds more eye and mouth appeal to processed foods faster than you can say "pregelatinized starches."

These men and women are food scientists. More than farmers, ranchers, or nutritionists, they determine what Americans eat. At a recent convention of the Institute of Food Technologists (IFT), they bustled up and down the corridors between display booths, nibbling on the products that the large food companies hope to place on the nation's dining tables: low-calorie watermelon punch, imitation vanilla cookies, fudge made from artificial chocolate, imitation cream cheese, imitation mozzarella cheese, imitation provolone cheese, sausages made with artificial meat flavor, popcorn flavored with imitation butter, freeze-dried raspberry yogurt chunks, peppermint-flavored mints.

Until the past generation, food scientists concerned themselves largely with techniques of preservation—canning, refrigeration, cellophane wrapping. The technology explosion that occurred during World War II and the decades afterward helped to create an industry more concerned with producing new foods in new forms than with preserving and transporting the existing ones economically and conveniently. Two new practices that had enjoyed immense growth in the 20 years before the war, market research and national advertis-

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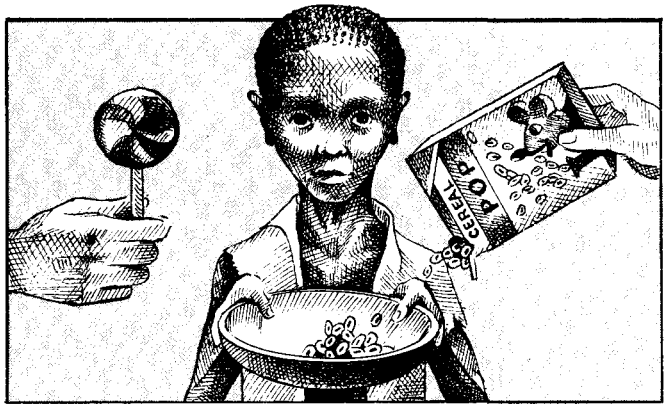
ing, were of great assistance in the birth of what amounted to a whole new enterprise—the modern food industry.

Today Americans spend $260 billion annually on food, almost half of which goes toward the purchase of highly processed items, including convenience and snack foods. We also eat about 40 percent of our meals away from home, spending an additional $105 billion on what is known as the food-service business. Food science is the backbone of this industry as well.

Not long ago the food business, as well as the food-service business, consisted of local entrepreneurs with their own factories, or warehouses, or shops. Today not only the frozen, wrapped, uniform food at the grocery store but also the fast-food restaurants, many of the farms, the food research groups, and even the seeds are controlled by a handful of huge conglomerates with names like General Foods, General Mills, Procter and Gamble, Kelloggs, along with such non-food companies as ITT and General Electric. Many of these firms sell literally hundreds of products and spend vast



The cereal-makers, with no new mouths to conquer at home, have turned to the Third World.

amounts of money on marketing and advertising to convince the public that the new items are somehow different from their predecessors. The lack of competition among these firms has led to charges that food prices are artificially high, as well as, in one case, an FTC antitrust suit. Companies have also been charged with manipulative and deceptive advertising. Critics of the food business are also distressed that the industry has managed almost to saturate the American market and is now looking abroad, especially to the developing nations of the Third World, for new consumers. This internationalization has raised the fear that America will soon be blanketing the world with frozen french fries. But all of these criticisms pale before the essential one: that food-processing companies have succeeded in debasing the American diet.

JUST WHAT HAVE technologists done to our food? The answers can be found not only in the foods they put on American plates but in the ideas they put into the minds of American consumers by means of marketing and sales promotion.

"Today's consumers really don't need anything in the way of new products," the research director for Libby, McNeill & Libby, the large Chicago-based food company, told the IFT a few years ago. Nonetheless, he contended, "they are constantly searching for something just a little better or different...." An aggressive company, he pointed out, must capitalize on this. Though one firm might look at a proposed orange-juice product and ask, "Who needs it?" a go-getter, the marketing man suggested, would know better. "A company could come along with an orange-juice product to which an additional color or sweetness ... or ... an important nutritional component has been added, and do well in the marketplace."

Enter the food technologist. He can add ingredients that extend the shelf life or keep processed foods stable so that, for example, chocolate pudding doesn't turn into a mess of separated layers of goo, all different colors. He can add substances that produce what the industry calls "fine surface gloss." He can simplify production, saving labor and its costs. Raw foods--milk, meat, eggs, grains, fruits, vegetables—are not important. They exist only to be simulated in the laboratory, with the manufactured copies transformed into new foods, those known in the trade as "fun foods" or "consumer hot buttons." Companies can capitalize on almost any characteristic of these products—the novelty, the taste, the cooking time, a new or unusual container—whatever might pique the fancy of the consumer thumbing through the newspaper food section or strolling the aisles of the supermarket.

"The technology is skewed toward anything that can make a buck and away from anything that improves quality," says James S. Turner, a Washington, D.C. attorney and author of *The Chemical Feast,* a study of the regulatory policies of the Food and Drug Administration. "Nothing is heard from the scientific community about quality....The scientists say to the companies, 'We can improve your sales,' and then they come up with the flavors, colors, and extenders that are added to food substances to make them appear to be food. But it's not food. We don't even know what food is in our society."

The overwhelming dominance of manufactured foods in the American diet belies the idea that we are experiencing a revolution in taste and cooking, a notion largely advanced by food editors and writers. A casual inspection of big-city newspapers and magazines suggests that everyone is puttering around a brick-lined kitchen, a gourmet cookbook in hand, the food processor purring, turning out some delicate, exotic dish. But the reality is that consumers have accepted food technology, and our ever-more homogenized diet is destroying the nation's rich culinary traditions.

Regional and ethnic distinctions are disappearing from American cooking. Food in one neighborhood, city, or state looks and tastes pretty much like food anywhere else. Americans are sitting down to meals largely composed of such items as instant macaroni and cheese, soft white bread, oleomargarine, frozen doughnuts, and Jell-O. "Today it is possible to travel from coast to coast, at any time of year, without feeling any need to change your eating habits," according to a brochure printed by the IFT. "Sophisticated processing and storage techniques, fast transport, and a creative variety of formulated convenience-food products have made it possible to ignore regional and seasonal differences in food production...."

The success of food scientists can be charted by the radical transformation of the American diet in recent years. Consumption of fluid milk, for instance, has slipped more than 30 percent since 1960; soft drinks are now the nation's number-one beverage. Potato products, largely frozen french fries, became 464 percent more popular between 1910 and 1976, a year in which more fries, in tons, were sold than any other frozen vegetable. In 1940, homemakers bought 50 percent of the flour sold in the United States; today they buy 11 percent. Most flour now goes into processed breads, cakes, pies, and buns sold at grocery stores and fast-food restaurants (40 percent of the beef consumed here is hamburger).

One of the great recent triumphs of food science is Procter and Gamble's potato-chip-like product, Pringles. The baby of several years of research, Pringles are made not from potato slices, like traditional chips, but from a potato paste. They have a salt taste on only one side: Why put taste on both sides, the manufacturer reasoned, when only one will touch the tongue? Without food science, all milk shakes would still contain milk. Many are now made instead from vegetable

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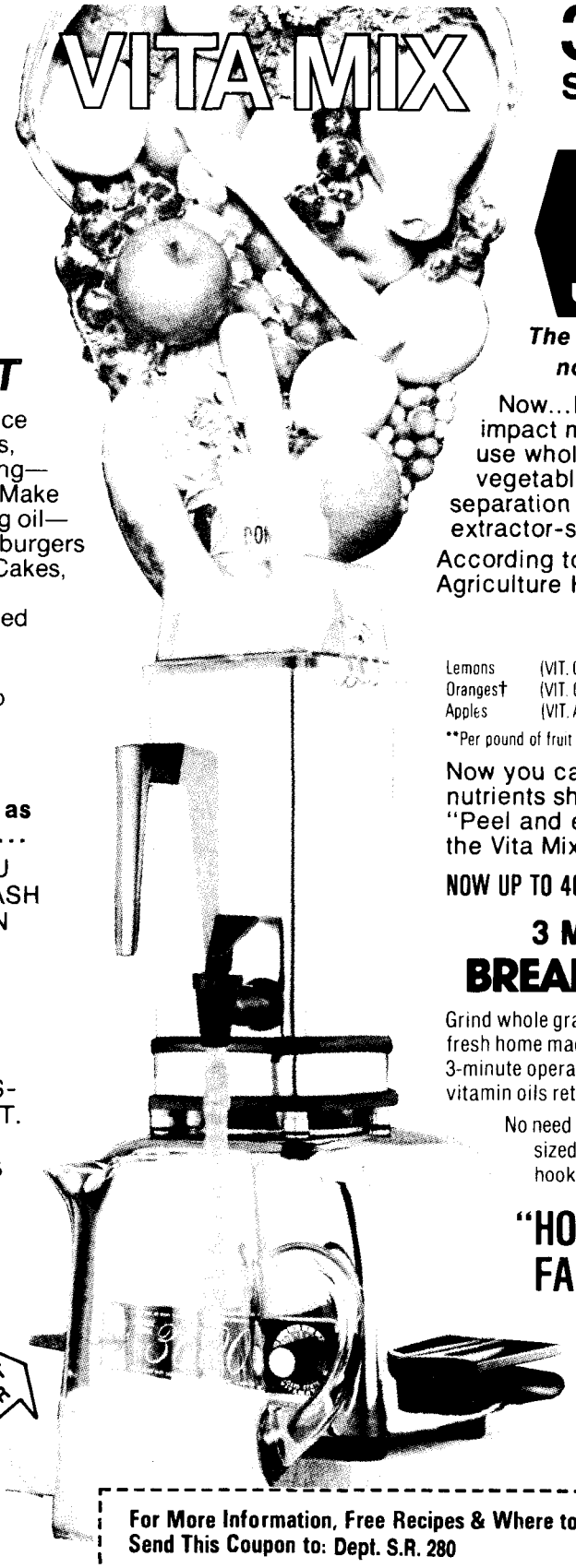

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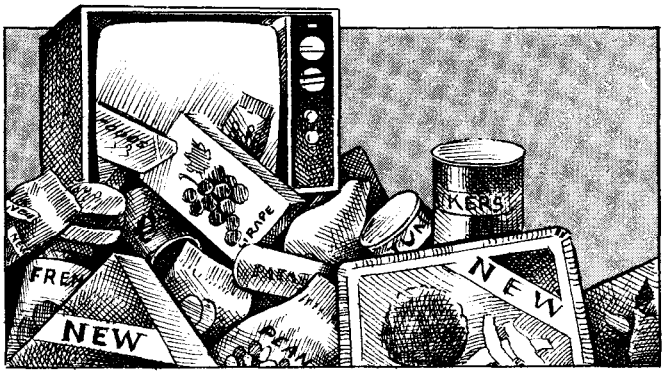
oils such as coconut or palm, milk-food solids, emulsifiers, flavors, and sugars.

Fast-food restaurants, a booming sector of the economy, depend upon the miracles of modern food science no less than do the drinks and snacks you buy in the grocery store. A firm like Denny's, for example, has some 700 outlets in 41 states, and others scattered across Great Britain and Japan. With labor turnover in the industry running at about 350 percent a year, Denny's must serve foods that can be prepared by almost anyone. Their cooks are not likely to have high culinary skills. Even though Denny's puts pictures on its food containers to make sure employees with limited reading ability can manage the cooking, the chain still relies on food science to make preparation even easier. The foods Denny's chooses are ready for eating when heated to 90 degrees, and are palatable at temperatures between 75 and 105. Though the chain used frozen foods heavily at first, the ballooning costs of refrigeration are dictating a switch to dehydrated foods. In the future, Denny's plans to use foods packaged in



A crucial tool in the growth of the great food conglomerates has been television advertising.

retort pouches—flexible aluminum cans whose contents can be quickly warmed under the kitchen faucet. The firm is looking for preportioned servings that will keep for the longest possible time.

Among the long list of accomplishments of modern food science, advances in nutrition cannot be said to rank very high. A change in public taste has led to a rash of "natural" items, products with some crucial vitamins restored. But food scientists and the companies that they represent do not feel that the diet they have created is deficient in any fundamental way. They do not take well to criticism of it—as one scene at the IFT convention demonstrated. In one part of the program, 400 scientists gathered to watch movies about the health aspects of their business.

Murmurs of approval ran through the audience during the screening of *Chemicals: A Fact of Life,* filmed through the courtesy of the Monsanto Company. *Adventures in Packaging,* by the Package Research Laboratory, enjoyed a similar reception. But the background commentary changed tone with the appearance of the "controversial" films. Food scientists snickered as they watched *The Junk Food Man* and *It's Easy as Selling Candy to a Baby*, made by groups critical of the food-processing industry. In one film, featuring Fat Albert and the Bill Cosby Kids, while Fat Albert wolfs down sweets the viewers are instructed in the dangers of eating sugary foods as well as of snacking. No discussion followed the films. The movies were uniformly ridiculed from the beginning.

Why show them, then? I. D. Wolf, the program's moderator, and a professor of food science from the University of Minnesota, said that the controversial movies were full of "inaccuracies and exaggerations," but that they were representative of the sort of information about processed food now reaching the public. Since laymen might take such charges seriously, she continued, it was up to food scientists to familiarize themselves with them and rebut them.

They have a great deal of rebutting to do. As Americans have become more concerned about their health, and somewhat more circumspect about what they put into their mouths, allegations like those in the "controversial" films have become common coin. Dr. Michael Jacobson, a well-known food activist and author, claims that the American diet "promotes high blood pressure, strokes, heart disease, obesity, tooth decay, diabetes, and probably certain forms of cancer—surely bowel cancer and breast cancer. Diet is not the only cause of these afflictions, but it is significant.... And if you add them all up, they cause half the deaths Americans succumb to annually."

More bad news comes from the Senate Select Committee on Nutrition and Human Needs, which points out that processed food is exceptionally high in sugar and salts. The committee reported that six out of the 10 leading causes of death are linked to over-consumption of fats, cholesterol, sugar, salts, and alcohol.

Food executives often don't take the comments about overweight Americans too seriously. They like to joke that their industry has been so successful at providing wholesome, good-tasting food that the nation's major nutrition problem is obesity. And they are attacking even that condition, the executives say, through edibles that are low in calories.

But food executives do not usually joke when confronted with the allegations about the hazards of their products. Dr. Jack Francis, president-elect of the IFT, concedes that sugar contributes to tooth decay and that high consumption of fats "probably" leads to obesity; but he testily labels other charges "a lot of speculation." Francis calls for more research. And what if further investigation confirms the dangerous consequences of eating processed food? "What is the alternative?" he asks. "Go back to the diet we had 100 years ago? ... People aren't going to go back to the salt pork, cabbage, carrots, and potatoes that they ate in New England a century back. We have to feed people, and we have to transport food, and we have to make food delivery as efficient as we possibly can....That means more processing, not less."

THE BEWILDERING diversity of canned, frozen, and dehydrated foods on the grocer's shelves gives the mistaken impression that the food business is teeming with small, competitive firms as it was in Francis's "old days," when food meant fresh produce. But as the focus of the food industry has shifted from farm to factory, conglomerates have grown bigger and bigger at the expense of small, independent operators. The number of food companies, according to Carol Tucker Foreman, Assistant Secretary for Food and Consumer Services for the Department of Agriculture, has declined from 44,000 in 1947 to 22,000 in 1972 and is still dropping. Researchers J.M. Connor and Russell C. Parker say that 200 corporations control 63.5 percent of food and tobacco processing sales. They have estimated that monopoly overcharges in the food manufacturing industries totaled $10 billion, or about 6 percent of food sales, in 1975.

Indeed, concentration has become the rule throughout the food business. Farms, the equipment that they use, as well as the crops that they produce, have come more and more under the domination of a shrinking number of conglomerates. Regional supermarket chains have all but eliminated substantial local competition in many cities. The processed-food market is no less concentrated. Campbell's makes 90 percent of our soup. And only four other firms sell us a large majority of many canned fruit and vegetable products.

The billion-dollar food-processing companies not only manufacture hundreds of consumer goods but they have extended their grasp throughout the food business. For exam-

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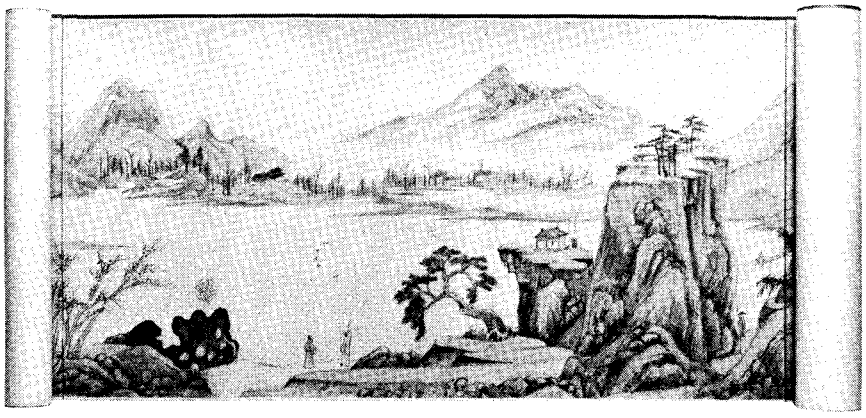

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The magazine to watch.

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ple, General Mills sells a long list of cereals, including Wheaties and Cheerios, Betty Crocker cake mixes, Saluto pizza—and owns Red Lobster inns. General Foods has Burger Chef restaurants and markets Maxwell House coffee, Post cereals, Kool-Aid, Jell-O, and Tang. Ralston Purina sells Chicken of the Sea tuna, Chex cereals, and a long list of pet food, and owns the Jack-in-the-Box restaurant chain. Del Monte, which is itself part of the R.J. Reynolds tobacco company, has seed farms and engages in food and agricultural research, agricultural production, transportation, storage and distribution, as well as food processing and service.

One of the crucial tools in the growth of the great food conglomerates has been television advertising. Since many of their products are essentially alike, an advertised image may provide the critical difference in the mind of the consumer. Lay's potato chips, for example, may not differ intrinsically from Wise potato chips; but who could fail to be moved by the sight of Bert Lahr gazing rapturously at Lay's finest? With this kind of clout in mind, food companies have turned heavily to television advertising.

Here, too, government regulatory agencies have stepped in to halt what they consider systematic abuses. Spurred by a series of petitions from public-interest groups, the Federal Communications Commission tried to persuade manufacturers of presweetened cereal, candy, and toys to reduce the numbers of their television commercials to children and to include messages that might mitigate some of the ill effects of their products. Broadcasters and advertisers agreed to decrease slightly the hourly time allotted for advertising on children's TV but have otherwise proved intransigent. The cereal industry has lobbied intensely on the issue, reportedly spending $30 million (peanuts compared to the $600 million spent on children's TV advertising), and has so far staved off further reform.

Action for Children's Television (ACT), a Boston-based group, continues to pressure the FCC. Peggy Charren, the president, argues that children should "be protected from deception in the marketplace the same way adults are....Nobody's ever told a child that Milky Way causes cavities; the message is 'Milky Way at work, rest, or play.' After 10 years of this argument they could at least say, 'at work, rest, or play, and if you don't brush your teeth you're going to get a cavity.'" ACT would prefer, however, that commercials for sweets be removed from children's TV entirely.

WHATEVER THE MARKETING strategies and advertising finesse, the food industry faces one apparently intractable problem: America can eat just so many Pringles. The food-processing business has already responded to the problem of satiation by inventing new packages, new slogans, and yet more exotic products. But the national population is stabilizing, and the food companies must look for growth opportunities elsewhere—to pets, for example: Americans now feed 40 million dogs and 30 million cats, whose taste buds remain more or less unexplored territory. Grocery shelf space devoted to pet food has expanded dramatically in the last few years, and dogs now enjoy a variety of comestibles not much less impressive than their masters'.

The biggest growth area of the future is neither new products nor new species, but new countries. General Foods now sells coffee and powdered drinks in Europe, ice cream in Brazil, candy and gum in Mexico, and Tang, that venerable pick-me-up of astronauts, to Japan. Borden's foreign sales account for 20 percent of its total volume. The cereal-makers, with no new mouths to conquer at home, have turned increasingly to the Third World nations of South America and the Middle East. Indeed, the upper crust of the Third World, a vast market full of people who have never so much as seen a

Bread and Factories

Enriched flour (barley malt, ferrous sulfate, niacin, thiamine mononitrate, riboflavin), water, corn syrup, partially hydrogenated vegetable shortening (soybean and/or cottonseed and/or palm oil), yeast, salt, soy flour, calcium sulfate, sodium stearoyl-2-lactylate, mono- and diglycerides, whey dicalcium phosphate, potassium bromate, calcium propionate, potassium bromate.

—Ingredients listed on a loaf of bread.

Oxides of nitrogen, chlorine, nitrosyl chloride, chlorine dioxide, benzoyl peroxide, acetone peroxide, azodicarbonamide, plaster of paris.

—Some of the flour additives and processing chemicals that need not, according to the Code of Federal Regulations, be listed on the package.

Civilization was built on grain. Western civilization used it mainly in the form of bread made of flour, water, a little leaven (yeast), and salt. For the basic loaf, anything else was an adulteration, and the perpetrator was subject to being pilloried in the marketplace.

When bread was well made, the staff of life asked little of the earth. All agriculture was of course organic, and manures and rotation restored the soil. The millstones were turned by people, then by beasts, then by water or wind. The ovens were heated by such fuel as came to hand.

Until the late industrial age, it was common knowledge that bread, like wine, varied in taste and quality with the soil and conditions in which the wheat was grown. Platina, a 15th-century Vatican epicure, wrote that the best bread was made from wheat that grew on hillsides (and indeed the most delicious bread that I ever ate was in a Greek mountain village where the wheat was still sown by hand, nourished with donkey manure, cut by scythes, flailed, and stone-ground). In the mid-19th century, Frederick Law Olmsted observed that the closer he got to the new lands of the frontier, the better the bread tasted. Sylvester Graham, the prophet of whole grain, wrote

They who have never eaten bread made of wheat recently produced by a pure virgin soil, have but a very imperfect notion of the deliciousness of good bread; such as is often to be met with in the comfortable log houses in our western country.

By 1837, the large millers of the Atlantic Coast were speeding up their mills and shipping tight-packed flour in barrels to all ports. Mary Hooker Cornelius in *The Young Housekeeper's Friend*, published in 1846, wrote:

Newly ground flour which has never been packed is very superior to barrel flour, so that the people in Western New York, that land of finest wheat, say that the New England people do not know what good flour is.

Mrs. Cornelius was already observing the gradual abandonment of wheat-growing in the older regions along the coast. The industry settled in the Great Plains and gradually expanded into vast, single-crop, mechanized spreads. As the rich soil

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frozen apple pie, represents the next great market for many food-processing companies. "The most compelling job," said Kellogg International's Vice-President Charles Tornabene in a *Business Week* interview, "is to change people's food habits." Converting the entire world to the processed-food gospel may prove a daunting task.

In his closing speech to the IFT delegates, William Beers, retired chairman of Kraft, Inc., proposed that underdeveloped nations be encouraged to revamp their food systems into miniature versions of our own. Third World nations, said Beers, "must acquire modern infrastructures—industrial, technological, and marketing." Farmers, said Beers to the cheering scientists, "must be motivated to adopt and use modern agricultural technology." And finally, developing nations must pattern their food marketing systems after our own. Then, he concluded, "there will be demands for new types of processed foods, packaging, transportation, and distribution."

The consequences of selling and aggressively advertising sophisticated food products to Third World consumers have been painfully illustrated in the case of infant formula milk. Most manufacturers of infant formula—Nestlé, Borden, Carnation, and Bristol-Myers, among others—market their product to mothers in developing nations. The companies sent "milk nurses"—employees dressed up as nurses—into maternity wards, where they handed out free samples of the formula. Then the companies launched highly effective advertising campaigns. Mothers in the Ivory Coast were found feeding their children Nescafé after a radio message proclaimed that "Nescafé makes men stronger, women more joyful, and children more intelligent."

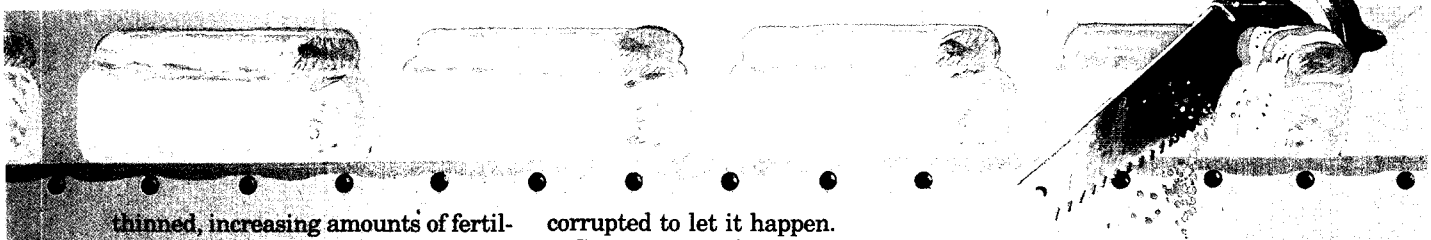
Besides taking the message too literally, mothers often do not understand how or simply are not able to use the formula: Once back in the village, clean water may not be available to mix with the formula powder. The instructions may be written in the wrong language, or the mother may be illiterate. Money runs out, they can no longer afford the formula, and they have lost their own ability to nurse. For these reasons, according to INFACT, an anti-formula group, as many as 10 million infants die annually from diseases related to bottle-feeding. But the milk companies have done little to counteract the damage they may have caused.

If the past is any indication, however, the companies will survive these complaints and controversies. The food-processing industry has shown itself to be extraordinarily adaptive. When the American consumer began clamoring for "natural foods," the industry stuck "natural" on its labels. While its very success depends on its ability to abolish the past, the industry suggests that its goods have the taste and quality of old-fashioned foods. Running out of Americans to feed, the food business has moved into the Third World, proclaiming itself a force of economic liberation rather than a purveyor of dubious goods.

Of course, the industry is not wholly responsible for the decay of the American diet. After all, no one is forced to choose the laboratory's products over the farm's; no one has to buy orange drink instead of oranges. The industry has found willing customers in the American public.

Yet the questions remain: How do we deal with the technology we have spawned? What kind of food system should we move toward in the future, not only for ourselves but for the rest of the world? Are world hunger and malnutrition to be combated with massive doses of instant junk foods? Unless we choose to confront these questions, we can be assured a steady diet of frozen pizza and cupcakes.

William Serrin is a national correspondent for the New York Times.



thinned, increasing amounts of fertilizer and herbicide and pesticide, all synthesized from natural gas and petroleum, had to be applied each year. The result is an enormous crop, a source of national wealth and power, but also a poor-tasting flour.

Already in Graham's time, the mills were bolting out of the wheat all of the bran and much of the germ, which would gum up and scorch if the millstones turned fast. In the next 40 years, steel shears and rollers completed the transformation of flour from a golden, fat, and nourishing food to a lifeless chalk dust. Yeast could barely live on it, so bakers added sugar. From decade to decade, cookbooks added more and more sugar to replace the rich flavor of true flour, creating the addiction to sweetness that now afflicts the American palate. Yeast itself was often replaced by faster chemical leavens, which brought about a national scandal at the turn of the century, involving charges that the public was being poisoned and that officials were being corrupted to let it happen.

Great new strides were achieved in this century. Flour mills were concentrated in a few major grain centers. There they ground the wheat, employing a score of chemicals to keep it from spoiling, packaged it, and shipped it long distances to market.

The neighborhood baker went the way of the town mill. A dwindling number of bread factories dominated the market with heavy advertising, delivering the product in huge vans. Fuel was cheap. The new factory loaf was "improved" to its present condition of wrapped, sliced Styrofoam, dosed with fungicide to prevent mold and with polysorbates to keep it from drying. (The TV commercial for one packaged mix cries "Super-moist!" as if that were a virtue.) Permanent shelf life was achieved.

The most advanced bakeries now resemble oil refineries. Flour, water, a score of additives, and huge amounts of yeast, sugar, and water are mixed into a broth that ferments for an hour. More flour is then added, and the dough is extruded into pans, allowed to rise for an hour, then moved through a tunnel oven. The loaves emerge after 18 minutes, to be cooled, sliced, and wrapped.

They call this bread.

A century of complaint about the impoverishment of the staff of life has led the industry to "enrich" it by adding a few of the nutrients it has removed—only a few—and none of the rich array of earthy flavor and body that our forebears loved.

Clinicians recently discovered what the ancients well knew, that roughage was an important element of diet. ITT Continental Baking Company met this need with a loaf that promised added fiber. The government has insisted that the company identify the ingredient more plainly. It is sawdust. We have come to that.

—John Hess

Mr. Hess is a syndicated columnist, and the co-author of The Taste of America.

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LOOKOUTS

COURTESY OF WHITNEY MUSEUM

Cinerarias and Fruit *(1915), by Maurice Prendergast, who painted America in lively, post-Impressionist colors.*

The Whitney Salutes Itself

A gala year-long celebration is underway, as New York's Whitney Museum of American Art toasts itself for 50 years of service to native American artists. The Whitney's testimonial, sponsored by the Champion International Corporation, will consist of one-man exhibitions of seven of this country's most outstanding 20th-century artists: Maurice Prendergast, Gaston Lachaise, John Sloan, Charles Burchfield, Stuart Davis, Charles Sheeler, and Alexander Calder. The festivities begin glowingly with the Prendergast show (January 9 to March 2), which spans 26 years in the career of this innovative and intensely likable painter. Sometimes associated with the "Ashcan School," Prendergast is here more properly classified as the chief vessel through which post-Impressionism entered American art. The Whitney show takes us from the artist's early watercolors—sun-dappled, Impressionist studies of promenading couples and leisurely vacationers—to his later, post-Impressionist works. There the same subjects are treated in oils, far more abstractly and with an achingly nostalgic tone.

Just a Gigolo

Two high-voltage careers are fused in *American Gigolo* (Paramount), the new Paul Schrader film about a classy male hustler, starring Richard Gere, which has just opened. Schrader's career as a screenwriter (seven screenplays produced in five years) is best measured with a galvanometer, while Gere's rise to stardom (four major film roles in two years) has given off a virtually deafening crackle of electricity.

For writer-director Schrader, whose last film was the porno exposé *Hardcore*, *American Gigolo* is another unblinking excavation into raw, provocative subject matter, though the story's framework is an engrossing murder mystery. For Gere, taking over a part vacated by John Travolta, the film is a chance to further cultivate the versatility he has displayed in portraying, among other characters, a homicidal punk *(Looking for Mr. Goodbar)*, an all-American hero *(Yanks)*, and a homosexual inmate of a Nazi concentration camp (in *Bent*, a play reviewed elsewhere in this issue).

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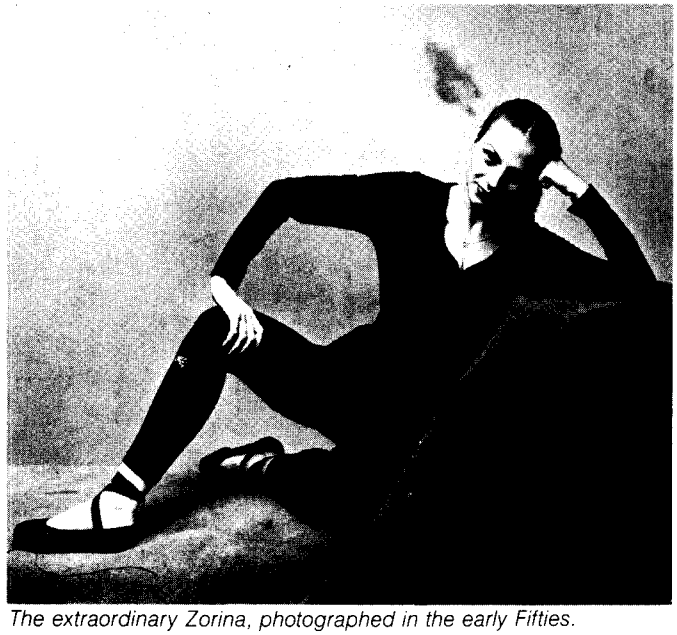
Zorina's New Project

Vera Zorina's extraordinary career has included stardom in classical ballet, musical comedy, movies, symphony performances (as actress-narrator), and opera ballet (choreographer-actress-dancer). Her latest project, *Dancer's Choice* (CBS Masterworks), combines a concise history of ballet and appraisal of dance trends in book form with a two-record album of music and commentary.

Zorina begins her book with a quote: "Today dancing and the ballet are the craze; they are followed with a kind of rage and never has the art been more encouraged by applause than is ours." These words, oddly enough, were written more than two centuries ago by one of the finest of ballet masters, Jean Georges Noverre, and here serve to introduce a work that offers everything from history and marvelous anecdotes (Stravinsky's music for *Firebird* was "too ugly" for Anna Pavlova) to information on taking curtain calls and on toe shoes.

The book—well-written and superbly designed—is matched by the recordings, which Zorina selected for both balletic pertinence and musical values. On them you will hear, along with Zorina's spoken remarks, orchestras conducted by such giants as Ormandy, Bernstein, Prêtre, Markevitch, and Irving in excerpts from Borodin's *Prince Igor* (the Diaghilev production that launched the great ballet era in Paris in 1909), *Les Sylphides* (Chopin), *Swan Lake* (Tchaikovsky), *Afternoon of a Faun* (Debussy), and many, many other ballets.—**W.T.**



IRVING PENN

The extraordinary Zorina, photographed in the early Fifties.

COURTESY THAMES TELEVISION

The MGM lion, roaring himself to fame and fortune in 1928.

When Silents Were Golden

Exterior shot: Hollywood, U.S.A. The screen becomes blurry as we flashback to the silent era in Kevin Brownlow's *Hollywood: The Pioneers* (Knopf), a sentimental reverie on the days when title cards and the mighty Wurlitzer did all the talking for American films. Something of a mighty Wurlitzer himself, Brownlow elegizes early film-makers and screen idols from Griffith to Fairbanks to von Stroheim in impassioned chords. The story is an oft-told tale, but the author enriches it with material from extensive interviews and some glorious photographs, many of which have never been published before. Brownlow's book, to be published this month, is the text of a 13-part TV series scheduled to begin on local stations around the country in mid-February. With the series' abundant supplement of old film clips, viewers will be able to test Brownlow's fervent thesis that silents were indeed golden.

Honorable String Quartet

The Tokyo String Quartet may have been "made in Japan," but it was definitely not mass produced. The brilliant young chamber music ensemble caps its tenth anniversary season this month with its first engagement at Carnegie Hall (February 25 and 28, March 2). The Tokyans give us not plasticity but the carved oak of graceful phrasing, sturdy tempos, firm melodic lines, gleaming timbre. If the group has any distinctly Japanese characteristic, it is its cohesion, a uniformity of sound whereby two violins, a viola, and a cello merge effortlessly into a single voice. Since their conquest of the chamber music competition at Munich in 1970, the group has ascended higher and higher in reputation and popularity, embellishing their concert tours in America and Europe with a repertoire of recordings that balance classical precision with romantic fire. At Carnegie, they will play Haydn, Schumann, and Brahms, using the velvet-toned, 17th-century Amatis that are on permanent loan to them from the Corcoran Gallery in Washington, D.C.

NORMAN SEEFF

Koichiro Harada, Kikuei Ikeda, Kazuhide Isomura, Sadao Harada.

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PUNK GOES POP

by Robert Palmer

BACK IN 1977–78, a canny Australian entrepreneur named Robert Stigwood marketed disco music to the masses with a film and a record album called *Saturday Night Fever*. It seemed evident at the time that, as far as popular music was concerned, disco was The Next Big Thing, and for a year or two it dominated the airwaves and best-seller charts. But pop trends have a way of fading rapidly, especially when they've been overexposed to begin with, and these days not even Stigwood's beloved Bee Gees, who composed and recorded *Saturday Night Fever*'s most memorable music, are interested in making disco records. The pop charts have gone back to being a hodgepodge of commercial rock, middle-of-the-road pop, black crossovers, and the occasional hard rock hit. Popular music is eagerly awaiting the *next* Big Thing.

Stigwood apparently thinks it is going to be new-wave rock—short, tough, but melodic songs that often detail the emotional fallout from the Me Decade, sung by young performers over jangling guitars and a surging, explicitly danceable beat. *Times Square,*

RICHARD E. AARON

Talking Heads—New York progressives.

Stigwood's latest film venture, began shooting in New York last October with Tim Curry (celebrated for his role in the cult favorite, *The Rocky Horror Picture Show*) as its leading man. Curry portrays a New York disc jockey who befriends two teenage runaways, and the records he plays, and the music that will be heard on the soundtrack album, are by new-wave groups like the Talking Heads.

Another new-wave group, Blondie, will be costarring with Art Carney and rock personalities Alice Cooper and Meat Loaf in an upcoming United Artists film, *Roadie*, and new-waver Elvis Costello made his film debut several months ago in *Americathon*. The new wave is showing surprising staying power on the pop-record charts, too, despite fierce competition from established superstars. Blondie, the Knack, the Cars, Elvis Costello, and Joe Jackson are among the new-wave artists who have been awarded gold or platinum albums, and the list is lengthening.

Surprisingly, many discos are helping the new wave along. A number of establishments that once programmed only disco music are experimenting with "new rock" nights or switching over to all-rock formats. And why not? There's a straightforwardness and lack of pretense to most of the new wave that's refreshing after the stylistic excesses of disco and the self-indulgence of so many established rock stars.

People who don't follow the latest developments in rock on a day-to-day basis tend to find the new-wave rubric confusing. Lumped together under this catchy but rather vague umbrella are groups as disparate as Blondie, which makes melodic, elaborately produced pop rock, and the Clash, an uncompromising English punk quartet that sings abrasive songs like "White Riot" and "Hate & War" over crashing guitar riffs and a bludgeoning beat. And what can a group like the best-selling Knack, who set their nasty lyrics about "girls who do" to music reminiscent of the early Beatles, have in common with the equally popular Cars, whose chrome-plated, heavily electronic sound is technologically up-to-date?

Musically, Blondie, the Clash, the Knack, and the Cars are as different as four rock groups can be. However, the English invasion of the mid-Sixties, which brought the Beatles to America's shores, also brought the bluesy Rolling Stones, the metallic Kinks, and the cutely popsy Herman's Hermits. That didn't make it less significant as a phenomenon. Today's new wave is even more varied in style than the British groups of the Sixties—and it has branches on both sides of the Atlantic—but it's a coherent movement nonetheless. The new-wave performers are linked together by age—

RICHARD E. AARON

Costello—Will undoubtedly be one of the most influential rock artists of the 1980s.

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for the most part they're in their teens or twenties, while most established rock stars are now in their thirties if not older—and by agreement on some basic ideas of what rock ought to sound like and how it ought to be made.

New-wave rockers don't believe in stretching a song out past three or four minutes with involved arrangements or long, droning solos. Almost all of them agree that rock is at its best when the songs are tersely to the point and strong enough to stand on their own without studio trickery or flashy instrumental work. And new-wave rockers don't believe in taking a year or two to make an album, as older superstars like Stevie Wonder, the Eagles, and Fleetwood Mac routinely do. Even Bruce Springsteen, a younger rock star whose musical style is clearly linked to certain elements of the new wave, spent more than a year and a reported $500,000 recording his most recent album. But the Knack's first release, *Get the Knack*—which went platinum, enjoyed a long run at the top of the charts, and spawned several hit singles—was recorded, mixed, and mastered in just a few weeks for a budget comfortably under $50,000.

Needless to say, figures of this sort are extremely attractive to record companies beset by rising costs and slumping sales, and new-wave performers, some of whom are of dubious value, are being signed up and recorded by the gross. The fans can choose between English working-class heroes like Elvis Costello, Graham Parker, Joe Jackson, and Ian Dury; New York progressives like Blondie, Talking Heads, James White and the Blacks, and Tom Verlaine; rockabilly revivalists like Robert Gordon, Dave Edmunds, the Inmates, and Roy Loney; or any one of a bewildering number of so-called power-pop performers whose music often reminds one of the mid-Sixties—Nick Lowe, Bram Tchaikovsky, the Beat, the A's, the Shoes, the Sports, the Records, the Yachts, the Motels. And the list goes on. Almost every one of these artists has recorded at least one exceptionally appealing original song, and several of them—Costello, the Talking Heads, Lowe, and the distinctive, reggae-influenced Police, to name four—will undoubtedly be among the most vital and influential rock artists of the 1980s.

At the same time, none of the new-wave performers has achieved the sort of massive breakthrough that signals the arrival of a truly epochal pop-music phenomenon. Presley guaranteed the triumph of Fifties rock and roll when he appeared on *The Ed Sullivan Show*. The Beatles led the English invasion to victory in the early Sixties and launched the rock-as-art movement with *Sgt. Pepper* a few years later. During the late Sixties and early Seventies, the Rolling Stones and Led Zeppelin demonstrated that live rock could work on a grand scale. And although disco was stylistically an offshoot of black popular music, it was Stigwood who made it *the* trend of the late Seventies.

LYNN GOLDSMITH

Deborah Harry of the decadent Blondie.

It seems unlikely that a group as aggressively class-conscious as the Clash, as decadent as Blondie, as experimental as Talking Heads, or as callow as the Knack will achieve this kind of breakthrough. But the record business thrives on unpredictable shifts in popular taste and, besides, the new wave continues to attract rock's smartest, most stylish younger musicians as well as a great deal of record company support. It's possible that the bubble will burst before the new wave produces a really major talent. But it seems much more probable that such a talent is already lurking somewhere, in a New York loft or a Midwestern garage or perhaps in one of those dozens of four-man power-pop bands, with their identical string ties and sneakers and one-syllable names.

With the upcoming release of films like *Times Square* and *Roadie*, the burgeoning rock-disco phenomenon, and the continuing chart success of new-wave performers preparing the climate, that as yet undiscovered, once-in-a-generation talent should be making the big breakthrough any time now.

Robert Palmer is a regular contributor to the New York Times *and* Rolling Stone.

LYNN GOLDSMITH

The Clash—A punk quartet that sings abrasive songs over crashing guitar riffs and a bludgeoning beat.

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Autobiography of Frenzy

The directors and the directed: Fosse (inset), Scheider; Lelouch (inset), Villeret; Wise (inset), Nimoy and Edna Glover.

ALL THAT JAZZ (20th Century-Fox) is Bob Fosse's *8½*, autobiography in the form of film, an exquisitely conceived meditation on life and death. It is Felliniesque in a narrower sense too—in the flux and reflux of time, in the individuation of the supporting faces, in the imaginative audacity of the images. But Fellini's influence is creative, not constricting. *All That Jazz* remains entirely American and personal in its idiom and preoccupation.

One must accept the film's premise—that the pressure of being a successful stage and film director and choreographer is roughly equivalent to that of being President during the Cuban missile crisis. Since people create their own pressure, this may almost be the case. Roy Scheider plays Joe Gideon, the driven director, his life a frenzy of cigarettes, Dexedrine tablets, eye drops, girls, film rushes, stage rehearsals, complaints, arguments, frustrations, never time enough for relaxed human relationships, even with his adored and adoring small daughter.

"A rose is perfect," Joe Gideon cries. "I look at a rose and say to myself: 'How in hell did God do that? Why can't I do that?' " Perfectionism lashes him on. Scheider and Fosse marvelously evoke the whirl in which movies are made on stage and screen, the thousand things demanding immediate attention, the insistent beat of music in the background. Then, in a fine and original scene, Joe Gideon suffers a heart attack. The film concludes in the hospital. Death in the shape of a lovely woman dressed in white reaches out for him. In his delirium he stages his own death as a series of production numbers.

No recent film has moved or fascinated this reviewer so much as *All That Jazz*. One is grateful that Bob Fosse survived his own heart attack and lived to tell the tale.

ROBERT ET ROBERT (Quartet) is a new exercise by the Gallic magician Claude Lelouch. Lelouch's shameless skill is in the weaving of spells. He manipulates plot and character with effortless mastery and sublime confidence, never hesitating to put his audience into the middle of scenes not wholly explained until they end, and getting away with it every time.

Robert et Robert is in the vein made familiar to Americans by Robert Altman. It deals with a couple of lonely lower-class misfits, mummy's boys at loose in a world that mocks them but endowed with sufficient spirit and pride to endure and finally perhaps to conquer. Charles Denner, with his creased face, his willful decisions, and his obscure rages, is a taxi driver. Jacques Villeret, young, plump, innocent, hopeful, is an apprentice policeman. They meet in a matrimonial agency. In the search for girls, they find each other and become pals—not, as one of their mothers fears, lovers—and together begin to cope with the baffling world.

Denner is splendid, and so is Jean-Claude Brialy, who plays the imperturbably cynical proprietor of the agency, wearily capable of dealing with every problem of his bizarre clientele. But Villeret was for me the great discovery. His first appearance as a novice traffic cop producing an accident through sheer and helpless ineffectuality recalls the art of Harry Langdon. Villeret is extremely funny (his parody of a Bergman movie is a masterwork), extremely delicate, and filled, as the movie is, with an instinct for personal dignity in ludicrous circumstance. It is hard to account for the sense of joy *Robert et Robert* provides. Perhaps one does not mind being manipulated by so witty and humane a magician.

STAR TREK (Paramount) takes off, of course, from the television series of a decade ago. As a father of small children, I saw a good many episodes in my day and came to admire the tidy and laconic ingenuity invested in those hour-long units. The quality of the television series lay, however, in imagination, not in spectacle. The movie is a 52-minute episode stretched into 132 minutes on the great screen. The imaginative kernel is there; and, when the mystery is solved, the solution is properly guileful, if slightly reminiscent of *Planet of the Apes*. But imagination is buried under special effects. The camera lingers long and lovingly—too long, too lovingly—on the technologies of space. I will not quite say that if you have seen one spaceship, you have seen them all; but no one has ever visualized ships sailing through the illimitable dark with the poetry and wonder of Kubrick's *2001*, nor used music with such skill to heighten the impact.

Star Trek's music is aggressively boring, the dialogue is insipid, and Robert Wise's direction of the actors is minimal. Still it is agreeable to see the old gang again. Captain Kirk, Mr. Spock, Dr. McCoy, Scotty, and the rest look older than they did on the tiny screen, but, as the film explains, they are now veterans reassembling for a new adventure. *Star Trek* deserves to be a movie success if only because of the way the television series enlarged the popular imagination of space. Though my wife and I chafed under the film's *longueurs*, our children thought it was wonderful.

—Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

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Phillip is handicapped alright.

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When a boy has no father, it helps if he has a Big Brother.

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LA 11/3

Picture your community without the Arts.

Imagine no theatre. No music. No sculpture or painting. Picture the arts gone and you picture a lot of beauty missing.

But the arts not only create beauty, they create jobs.

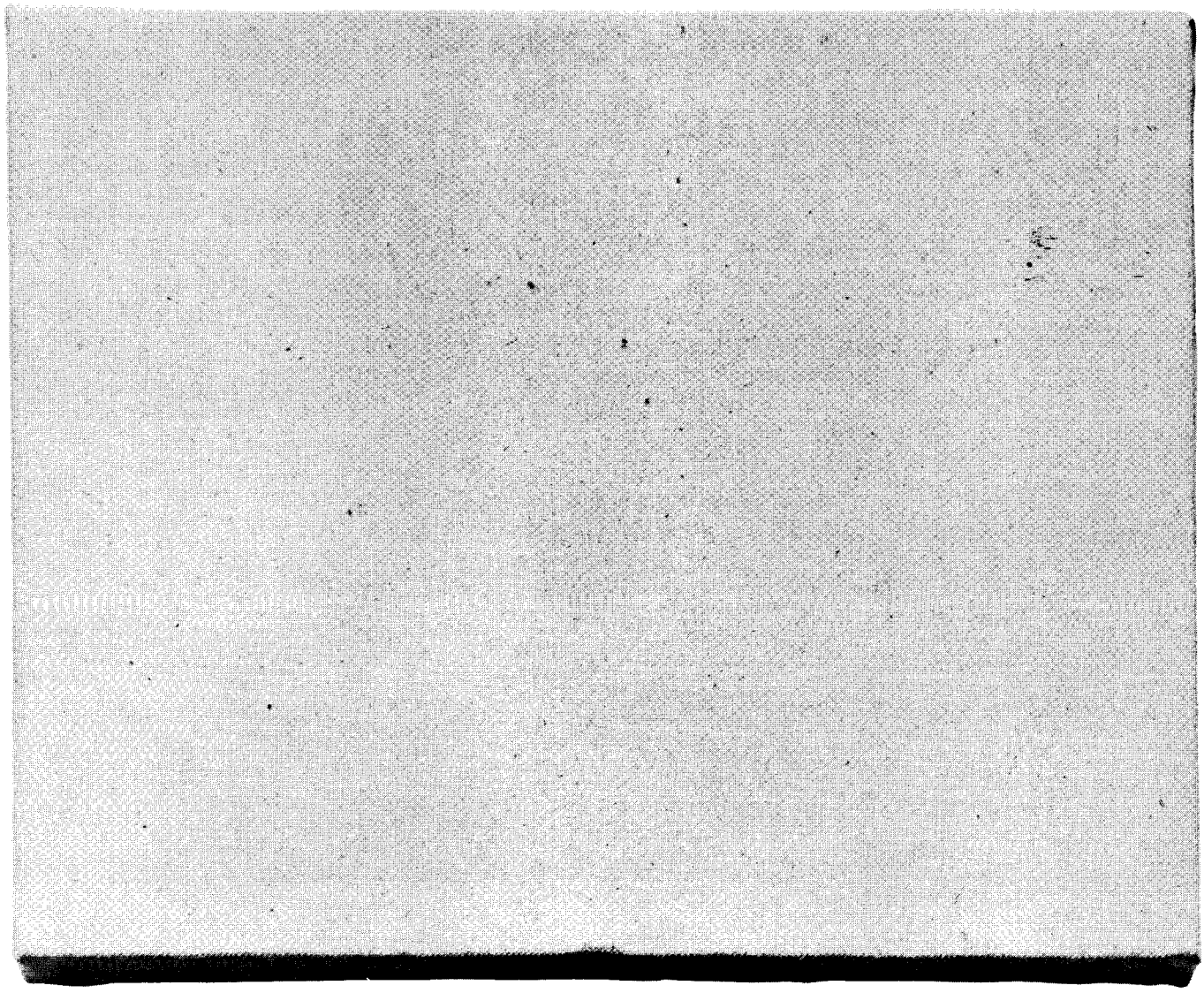
Because the arts attract tourists. And the dollars tourists spend in restaurants and hotels, on transportation and in stores.

The arts attract industry. Businesses prefer to locate in communities with a rich cultural life.

And the arts are an industry in themselves. Like any other industry they employ people, buy goods and services, and generate taxes.

Picture your community without the arts and you have to imagine industry and jobs gone, too. And after that, the people.

So it'd not only be pretty dull, it'd be pretty lonely.



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LA 11/4

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You don't know me, I realize . . .

But, I want you to have this before it's too late.

Hello . . My name is Bud Weckesser. I'm 46 years old and I own a small company in Dunkirk, New York. Our phone number is 716-366-8300.

A number of years ago I lived in an apartment in Kent, Ohio. I had no savings and a beat-up old station wagon that still wasn't paid for.

One night my wife and I were playing cards with some friends. Mary mentioned casually that—on our budget—she was sure she knew 101 ways to fix hamburger. That hurt. So I challenged her. "If you'll type up the recipes," I said, "I'll take out a small ad in the National Enquirer and we'll see if anyone will pay $3.98 for your collection of recipes."

I rented a P.O. Box in Kent and placed a small ad. It was surprisingly cheap.

Several weeks later I stopped by the post office. I walked over to my box. When I looked through the little glass window on the door, I almost dropped my key. The box was stuffed—jammed —full of letters. All of them contained checks for $3.98—and they'd come from all parts of the U.S. and Canada.

The next few days were hectic, to say the least. My wife typed the recipes. I had them duplicated, stapled them together and our crude little book was born. But, every day, orders continued to pour in. And every day we'd bank the money and send out our stapled recipe booklet.

I decided to try another ad. This time I placed a classified ad for some of my beer and wine making recipes in Popular Mechanics. Again, the orders poured in. Over $1,000.00 in just several weeks. And, as our business grew, I corresponded with other people . . .

- A husband-wife team from Sacramento wrote a booklet about how to "enjoy life in California." It pulled $8,700.00 in 60 days in cash orders . . . all from a small ad . . . all by mail.
- An Oregon man informed me he had made over $14,000.00 selling his small booklet about getting rid of moles and gophers in your yard. Again . . . all by mail.
- A Maryland man wrote an 8½" × 11" booklet of business advice. So far it's brought him over $140,000.00 . . . all by mail.

Don't misunderstand. This isn't a get-rich-quick scheme. It's a business, and, as such, it's speculative. But test ads are cheap (as low as $13.50 for a national ad) and the profit potential is staggering! An Ohio man I spoke with put a large display ad in a national Sunday supplement. A few days later the orders started pouring in—mail sacks full of cash! Within the next two months he received over $220,000.00 in CASH orders for his $3.00 booklet.

Perhaps you're saying to yourself, "Yes, but this only works for a few lucky people." If that's your thought—and I don't blame you for being skeptical— please try this simple little test. It won't cost you a cent.

1. Go to the library and get some year-old issues of magazines with classified ads—like Popular Mechanics and Sports Afield, etc.

2. Select current issues of the same magazines.

3. Compare the classified ads. Look at the current issue then at the back issue. Note how many of the same classified ads are still running, ONE YEAR LATER. People don't continue running ads for over a year unless they're making money at it.

Let me give you some more amazing facts about this unique little business:

★ You can start at home . . . in your spare time . . . quietly . . . it won't interfere with your present job.

★ You can take out a test ad for as little as $13.50 in a variety of well-known national magazines.

★ You don't even have to write a booklet yourself. I'll show you how to obtain "how-to" booklets at wholesale prices—or below. They're already written, already printed and ready to sell. Even better, you don't have to buy them until you've tested your ad and have the cash orders in hand. In short, you don't tie up any money in stock or supplies of books.

★ You can set your own hours. All you need is a post office nearby.

★ You can deduct up to 33% of the expenses on your home if you set up your office at home.

★ You can travel whenever you wish—or just loaf much of the time. All you need to do is pick up your mail twice a week—or have someone do it for you. You'll open orders, remove the checks (95% of them don't bounce, believe it or not) and bank your receipts.

★ In the afternoon or evening, you can type the labels for the small envelopes you'll use to ship your booklets. Drop them off at the post office and you're done. No bosses, no layoffs, no strikes, no rat race.

I've put all of my instructions—every secret—in a simple Starter Guide. And if you're wondering why I'd share my business with you—especially if it's so profitable—here's why:

The range of topics and ads is almost infinite. I won't be competing with you nor you with me. I've got a whole drawer full of ideas I haven't even tried yet. There's plenty of room for everyone.

I'll show you—

- How and where to get national ads for only $13.50 . . . ads you can run month after month.
- How to obtain FREE ADS—YOU PAY **ONLY** IF THE AD IS SUCCESSFUL.
- How to start with no money in books or supplies.
- Where to obtain hundreds of pre-printed booklets—at super low wholesale prices.
- How to word your ad—I'll include various sample ads.
- How to set up your office in a spare room or basement.
- I'll also include a giant list of "how-to" topics.
- Plus . . . all the sample ads, forms, lists, addresses, and details you'll need to get started within only 10 days.

If you're still skeptical, let me offer you a most unusual guarantee. I'll send you my Starter Guide for SEVEN MONTHS. That gives you plenty of time to actually try my materials. If, at the end of seven months—or anytime in between—you want your money back, just return what I've sent you. I'll issue you a full refund **within three working days**—no nonsense, no delays. That's our iron-clad guarantee.

Also, please feel free to POSTDATE your check THIRTY days. If you're not satisfied with my materials just send them back within 30 days and I'll return your original UNCASHED CHECK.

To begin, just write the words, **Dollars In Your Mailbox** on a piece of paper. Enclose your check or money order for $12.95 and send it to me, Bud Weckesser, at my address: Green Tree Press, Dept. SR-2, 10576 Temple Road, Dunkirk, N.Y. 14048. If you wish air mail delivery, please add $1.00.

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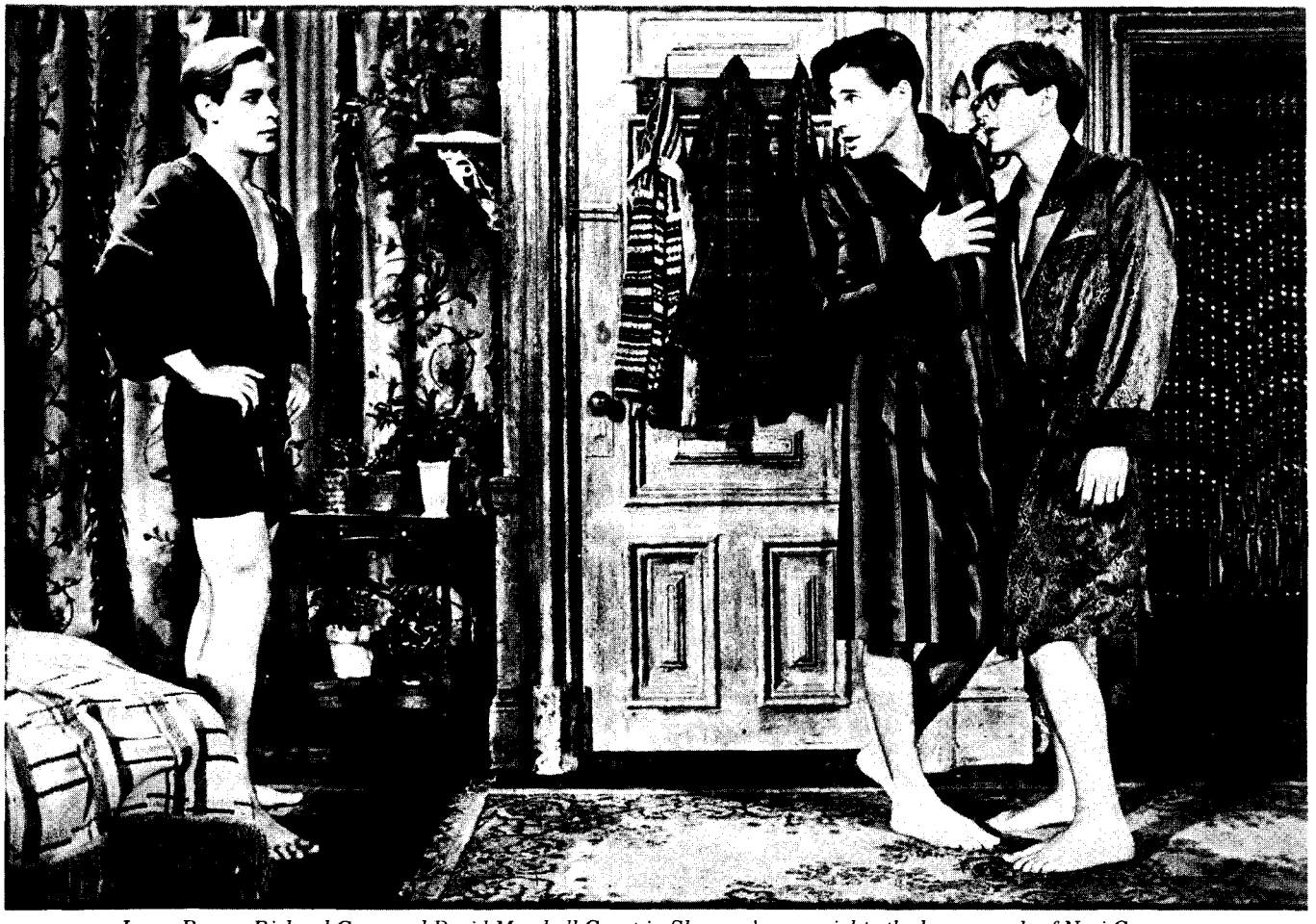
Friends and Lovers



James Remar, Richard Gere, and David Marshall Grant in Sherman's memorial to the homosexuals of Nazi Germany.

IMAGINE AN inmate of a Nazi concentration camp protecting himself by pretending to be Jewish. That could have been true, says Martin Sherman, if the man had been a homosexual, because homosexuals were rated lower than Jews. Sherman's play *Bent* memorializes the German queers—I'll use his pungent term—whose persecution and murder have generally been ignored. His aim to award a first place in suffering (which is historically debatable) is less engrossing than the suffering itself; and it's less pertinent than the play's implicit point: Society keeps on making homosexuals suffer grossly.

Sherman is American, but his play was originally done at the Royal Court Theatre in London, where I also saw it. (An article on the Court and the London production of *Bent* appeared in the October 13, 1979 issue of *SR*). The protagonist—played here by Richard Gere, the star of such films as *Days of Heaven* and *Yanks*—is a Berlin queer who lives with a male nightclub dancer. After the June 1934 purge of Ernst Röhm and associates, after the homosexual hunt is heated up by the new government, Gere and the dancer live on the run. Captured at last, they are slung onto a train bound for Dachau. The officers torture the dancer, and Gere, under duress, proves that he hates queers by helping to beat his friend to death. Then, offstage, he further proves that he is not queer, is the thoroughly heterosexual Jew he claims to be, by copulating with a dead little girl. Thus he earns (!) the yellow Star of David and avoids the pink triangle of the queer.

On the train Gere meets a labeled queer, arrested for political offense. This man quickly discerns Gere's sexual nature. In Dachau the two are assigned the senseless job of continuously moving the same pile of rocks from one side of a yard to the other. This monotonous rock-lugging is the chief physical action of the second half of the play, the ostinato under the dialogue of the two men, which is carried out in sidelong snatches under the guards' eyes while working or while standing at attention during the three-minute rest periods. Sometimes during the rest periods, the two men manage to have sexual "intercourse" through verbal stimulation.

When the friend sickens, Gere pretends to the captain that he himself needs medicine, since a Jew stands a better chance of getting it than a queer. To get it, Gere performs a sex act for the captain, apparently tolerable in a Jew but not a queer. After the deception about the sickness has been discovered—and punished—Gere is so deeply stirred that he moves to a self-sacrificial act of loyalty.

The power of the subject sustains the first half of the play. When I worked on farms as a boy and learned how to split

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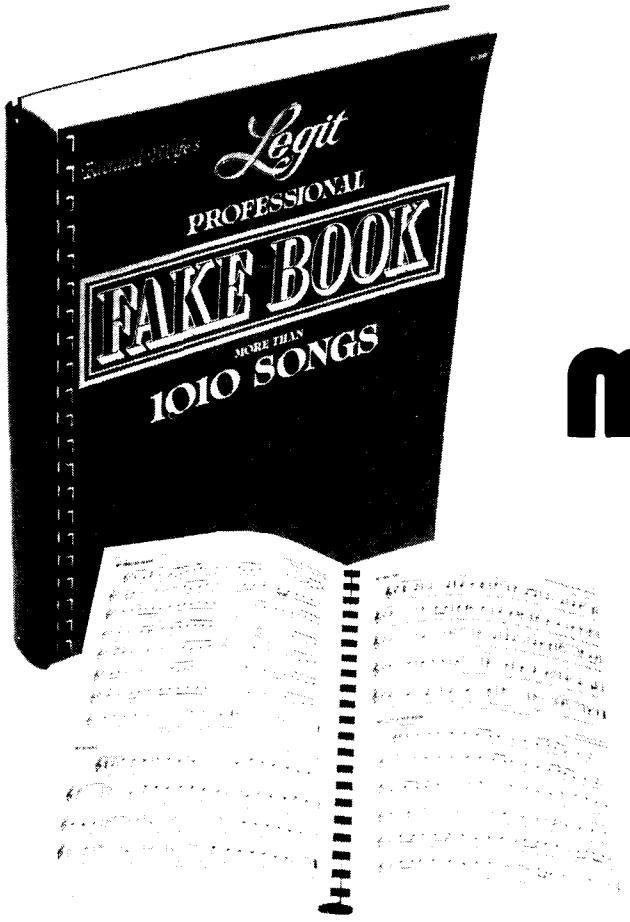

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Blue Moon ★ Roses Are Red My Love ★ Don't Blame Me
Bad Bad Leroy Brown ★ El Paso ★ You Made Me Love You
Peg O' My Heart ★ Killing Me Softly With His Song
On A Clear Day ★ Who Can I Turn To ★ Bouquet Of Roses
Oklahoma ★ Bye Bye Love ★ Ruby ★ Somewhere My Love
Don't Be Cruel ★ Over The Rainbow ★ Unchained Melody
The Shadow Of Your Smile ★ If Ever I Would Leave You
Getting To Know You ★ My Blue Heaven ★ Toot Toot Tootsie
Gimme A Little Kiss ★ Blue Suede Shoes ★ Gigi
My Funny Valentine ★ Weekend in New England
My Favorite Things ★ Nobody Does It Better ★ Ebb Tide

SR-20

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wood, I was told to let the fall of the axe do most of the job. In effect that's what happens in act one: The sheer impact of the situation stuns us despite the two-dimensional writing. Also act one has some vivid secondary characters. The dancer, played by David Marshall Grant, who recently made his film debut in *French Postcards,* is a silly little poodle of a fellow, immediately endearing. The transvestite star of the nightclub where the dancer works is engraved à la George Grosz by Michael Gross. Gere's uncle, a fastidious rich old queer, is neatly managed by George Hall.

But by act two the subject is familiar, and there are no vignettes. It's in act two that Sherman has, so to speak, to write his play, has to justify the progress of act one. And he wobbles. After the rising action of act one, we get only a plateau decorated with a macabre vaudeville. Only near the very end does Sherman return to drama.

Both the filler-material and the return, however, are destructive. I daresay that, in Dachau and the other camps, there were moments of comic irritation, possibly of boredom, but the banter between Gere and his friend—tolerably acted by David Dukes—is not ironic, it's footling. ("I'm going cra-a-azy," intones Gere comically as he carries rocks.) And the finish is even phonier.

The falseness comes from the mixture of two plays. Sherman wrote one play about homosexual persecution and another about moral regeneration. The protagonist begins as a dedicated sensualist, partying around Berlin. Except for one flicker of honor in act one, he shows nothing but self-concern. At the end he suddenly changes; and he decides to die to consecrate the change. I don't contend that the hero had to be a homosexual Albert Schweitzer, but, first, the choice of this character strengthens the popular fallacy that being a homosexual means living a degenerate life and, second, the change turns Dachau into a moral gymnasium. Concentration camps perhaps ennobled some of their victims—anything can happen among millions—but it's sentimental to see uplift as the inevitable result of suffering. And to use the transformation in this structurally unprepared manner smacks more of Technicolor than growth. Worse, Gere's final action is basically patronizing, as if to prove that "even" homosexuals can show nobility. Paradoxically, the terrible truth of the persecution ultimately wilts under the trumped-up heroics that Sherman uses to convey it.

As far as I can remember, Robert Allan Ackerman's staging resembles the overall designs of Robert Chetwyn's staging in London. The all-white lighting by Arden Fingerhut tends to wash out faces. This is unlucky for Gere, whose features, like his acting, are rubbery.

ZOE DOMINIC

Maggie Smith who has gone into the business of merchandising herself.

MAGGIE SMITH has apparently stopped acting and gone into business, but at least it's a well-run business. The woman who once played Hedda Gabler in Ingmar Bergman's London production, whom I saw as Desdemona to Olivier's Othello and as Masha in *The Three Sisters,* now concentrates on marketing one commodity: her own brand of lazy-incisive high comedy. She did it in *Private Lives* and in the film *California Suite,* she's doing it again in Tom Stoppard's play *Night and Day,* but she does it enjoyably.

The play itself, garrulous yet thin, is said to signal a new Stoppard. The new one is actually old-fashioned. The earlier Stoppard was shallow but glittery and adventurous. Now he lumps through a relatively conventional play that he tries to brighten with some grabs at his first fine, careless, rhetorical rapture. Stuck in a stock play, his allegedly diamond dialogue now looks the rhinestone it really always was.

The scene is a turbulent African nation, the ostensible theme is the worth of journalism. Members of the press sift through the home of an English mine manager and his wife (Smith), providing occasions for discussion of the theme. But the real center—affectively, anyway—is Smith, her love life and interior dilemmas. (Most of the latter are couched in cinematically lighted asides.)

I saw this play, too, in London, and both times it was pointed up nicely by the same director, Peter Wood. But the American supporting cast, except for the president of the African country, is very much better than the English cast, particularly Paul Hecht and Peter Evans as reporters. They seem to have helped Smith: She's better here, too—all vocal slink and razor-keen inflection, precisely interwoven with delicate facial play. The latter-day comic merchandise of Maggie Smith Inc. may perhaps pall in time, but that certainly hasn't happened yet. **—Stanley Kauffmann**

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Anatomy of Melancholia

by Rosellen Brown

Life Before Man
by Margaret Atwood
Simon & Schuster, 317 pp., $11.95

JILL KARLA SCHWARZ

One of Margaret Atwood's most breathtaking short poems, "Mid-winter, Pre-solstice," begins with a description of a husband and wife stalled under deep northern chill in a room that contains familiar enough domestic props: "We spend the days quietly / trying to be warm; we can't / look through the glass; in the refrigerator old food / sickens, gives out." She then moves with satanic poise to an embodiment of their real emotional situation: "All night my gentle husband / sits alone in the corner / of a grey arena, guarding / a paper bag / which holds / turnips and apples and my / head, the eyes closed."

Life Before Man, Atwood's fourth novel, makes the same kind of potent connections, and makes them not so much with a poet's language (whatever, in fact, that may be; good poets rarely write florid books or even florid poems, although people speak of "poets' novels" as if they expected boneless narrative and strange music) as with a poet's economy. On a single typical page we are moved from a routine listing of the detritus of a young woman's life, "a straight black skirt, a mauve slip ... a pair of pantyhose, the kind that comes in plastic eggs," to an apprehension of mood as extravagantly bleak as that poem's: "She thinks about her hands, lying at her sides, rubber gloves: she thinks about forcing the bones and flesh down into those shapes of hands, one finger at a time, like dough."

Life Before Man moves by a succession of countless such small surprises, from the everyday world of Toronto in the mid-Seventies back into the unpeopled drafts of prehistory when animals of small brain were the only usurpers and devourers, our ancestors whose habits we bear with little redeeming grace toward an inexorable post-history.

The book, however, is not apocalyptic; Atwood is not a Canadian Lessing. She

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concentrates with extraordinary patience on the day-to-day details of her characters' psychological lives, arranging husband and wife and shifting third party in a series of conventional if extreme lovers' triangles. But if the force of a poem can be said to be centripetal, all details finally pulled in away from the random edges, so can the best of Atwood's novels. *Surfacing* was in the end, like so many of her poems, preoccupied with her own stylized geology—with water and stone, drowning, dissolution and rebirth. *Life Before Man* is similarly drawn in toward the rich image at its center, a fascination with time and past life, the habits of extinct animals, the perpetuation of memory in us and of us, as palimpsest of history, our own and our families'. "Everything that's gone before has left its bones for you and you'll leave yours in turn." Some will leave their bones prematurely, victims of predators; others will survive for an assortment of reasons, not necessarily endearing.

Elizabeth has made herself into a victor, though she suffers more pain than we tend to attribute to the powerful. At the opening of the novel we find her clenched in the aftermath of her lover's suicide. She is neither saddened nor guilty, only furious and contemptuous; she refuses to be manipulated by this act of terminal aggression. There appears to be room for only one manipulator per group and Elizabeth is not eager to yield up her position, which she has cultivated in the wake of a monstrously powerless childhood. (The forbidding gentility of her Canadian girlhood will remind readers of Margaret Drabble's *North of England*.) Her husband Nate is a mild man who has allowed himself to be cuckolded in his own house, stashed without protest in the guest room while the unwary lover victoriously lies down in the net. The balance of power is such in this household that Nate feels himself invidiously compared to the lover who has blown off his head: "At least he had the guts," he imagines his wife thinking. And he is right.

ISOLDE AHLBAUM

Margaret Atwood—Gives us lives that are far more true than what we want.

In fact Nate *is* surviving, however ineptly and without rancor, and Elizabeth (who when she is sufficiently angry, in keeping with the metaphor of the prehistoric, "feels [so] savage she could eat a heart") does not react warmly toward competitors for control. She torments both her lovers and her enemies, but for Elizabeth "torture is a by-product. She's merely trying to win." She is surely, among modern heroines, a woman who challenges the reader to decide whether characters need to be liked, or only (only?) understood. She asks no forgiveness, though those who live in her power are somehow able to forgive more than we can.

Elizabeth's major antagonist in the locked grappling for a husband she can't bear to lose is a young woman named Lesje, who is nearly without defenses but whose love for Nate engages her in her first mortal battle. Lesje is a "foreigner" in WASP Canada, child of Jewish and Ukrainian cultures whose immigrant grandmothers fought over her as the loved center of another kind of triangle. She is an affecting character—proof, for those who need it, that intellect and introspection don't necessarily accompany one another—a benign woman no good at the subtleties of warring lovers. Dialogue puts her at a disadvantage. "Her conversations with [her old lover] had centered on an exchange of facts, and even their rare disputes had been more like the squabblings of children: I want. You did so." She is one of those self-absorbed people whose wordless attachments are more compelling than their visible personalities. And so she is loved by Nate, probably for her unfamiliar lack of edges, although he is more married to Elizabeth than he dares acknowledge.

It is Lesje whose meditations bring to the surface Atwood's metaphor. Lesje is a paleontologist at the Royal Ontario Museum and, until Nate, all her solace and familiar company is behind glass or strung on the frame of the pteranodon's bones. She escapes into educated fantasies about the gigantic lives that passed eons ago without self-consciousness, the dinosaurs who didn't *know* they were in the Mesozoic, who thought they would live forever. ("Does she care whether the human race survives or not? She doesn't know. In her bleaker moments...she feels the human race has it coming. Nature will think up something else. Or not, as the case may be.")

Such is the rather passive prose in which these particular animals fight it out. *Life Before Man* makes slow going until the muted irony of its voice becomes familiar. Even the luridness of some of its events and imagery are numbed and forbidding much of the time. That the three principals whose minds we inhabit sound identical, that the actual facts of their situation accrete very gradually, parceled out to us without haste, with a control that is almost a form of dignity—are in the end not flaws; they are an intentional function

"From her treetop [Lesje] watches an Ornithomimus, large-eyed, birdlike, run through the scrub, chasing a small protomammal. How many years to learn to grow hair, to bear young alive, to nurture them? How many for the four-chambered heart? Surely these things are important, surely her knowledge should not perish with her. She must be allowed to continue her investigations, here in this forest of early conifers and pineapple-trunked cycad trees.

Everyone has a certain number of bones, she thinks, clutching for lucidity. Not their own but someone else's and the bones have to be named, you have to know what to call them, otherwise what are they, they're lost, cut adrift from their own meanings, they may as well not have been saved for you. You can't name them all, there are too many, the world is full of them, it's made of them, so you have to choose which ones. Everything that's gone before has left its bones for you and you'll leave yours in turn.

This is her knowledge, her field they call it. And it is like a field, you can walk through it and around it and say: These are the boundaries. She knows why the dinosaurs do many of the things they do, and about the rest she can deduce, make educated guesses. But north of the field history begins and the fog takes over. It's like being farsighted, the distant lake and its beaches and smooth-backed basking sauropods clear-edged in the moonlight, her own hand a blur. She does not know, for instance, why she is crying."

From *Life Before Man*

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of Atwood's vision. This is a book meant to be heard as a disembodied voice, very nearly objective for all the intimate details it renders. It is, in its way, a mock-up of a scientific treatise on the behavior of primates rapt in their ritual love-hate behavior. However dour the delivery, the book has the uncannily satisfying feel of exhaustive, unremitting inquiry. (It is also grimly funny in its reflections on Canadian—alas, see American—cultural life, though, unlike *Surfacing*, there are virtually no political overtones. Prehistory was perforce prenationalism.)

What is moving in *Life Before Man* is hard-won; that these characters do so little to solicit our affection very nearly becomes their virtue. By the end of the book Elizabeth, alone and not victorious but still ruthlessly honest with herself, looks at a picture of China and knows that it is propaganda, that it lies because "like cavemen they paint not what they see but what they want." Atwood has uncompromisingly—and with her poet's talent for imagining with a nearly hypnotic concreteness—given us real lives that are far more true than what we want. She has seen them in a highly original perspective. This anatomy of melancholy is Margaret Atwood's finest novel.

Rosellen Brown is a poet and novelist. Her latest work of fiction is Tender Mercies.

Turning Economics to Dust

Free to Choose: A Personal Statement
by Milton and Rose Friedman
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich
338 pp., $9.95

Reviewed by Alan Wolfe

GOVERNMENT, THE Friedmans argue, does nearly everything badly, while the private market rarely fails. *Free to Choose*, based on a 10-part series that started this past January on PBS, offers us a chance to test their theory. If the Friedmans perform well, they will disprove the main thesis of their book.

Fortunately for them, they run no risk of exempting themselves from their oft-repeated generalization. *Free to Choose* is neither entertaining nor informative. Many people in this country believe that a government-owned television network can constitute an alternative to the simple-minded morality plays that one sees on the major stations, but this book's appearance on public television must give them pause. The Friedmans' *Free to Choose* is to economic analysis what *Charlie's Angels* is to drama.

"To the despair of every economist," the Friedmans lament, "it seems almost impossible for most people other than trained economists to comprehend how a price system works." Not being a trained economist, I am perhaps disqualified from reviewing their book, but it does seem that a commentary on the economy should at least discuss the existence of corporations on the one hand and workers on the other. Yet, except for a bare mention in passing, *Free to Choose* does not really acknowledge the existence of either.

Corporations are those massive structures of organized economic and political power that decide where Americans shall live, what they shall eat, where they will work, and how they will die. There was a time, in the distant days of feudal Europe, when some of those decisions were made by government, but in this century and in this country corporate power has had an unchallenged preeminence. The problem with the Friedmans' economic analysis is not that they disagree with this contention—reasonable people will differ about the extent of corporate power—but that they cannot even recognize it. A visitor from another economy would never know from reading their book that concentrations of private power exist here.

Are long lines at gas stations ever caused by corporations holding supplies off the market? Never. *Only* government actions caused the energy crisis. Was the Great Depression brought about, at least in part, by business practices? Not at all. Government tampering with the money supply was the *only* cause. Do corporations pollute the air? No. "The people responsible for pollution are consumers, not producers." Are corporations responsible for any social problems whatsoever? Impossible. There are no social problems, since people are better off now than they have ever been before anywhere in the world.

In 1976 representatives from two huge bureaucracies met. One was meek and subservient, begging for crumbs. The other, strong and impervious, haughtily contemplated what to do with its vast power. The supplicant in this tale was the state of Pennsylvania, while the possessor of imperial majesty was the Volkswagen Corporation. Ask any local public official whether his government has more power than a private corporation dangling a thousand jobs.

An analysis that ignores private power is inherently suspect, but the problem is compounded by the Friedmans' refusal to recognize workers as well. Unions exist in this book—to them, indeed, is attributed all the monopolistic power that corporations actually possess. And people are here too, buying this and demanding that. What do not exist are *workers*, people who engage in dangerous, boring, and exploitative jobs because the structure of their society allows them no choice. (This book is, after all, supposed to be about the freedom to choose.)

The Friedmans are not alone in forgetting that a working class still exists in the United States, one that is becom-

"You were right, Igor! I've created a monster that insists on auditing my books!"

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ing increasingly angry and militant about the raw deal caused by its lack of power. But they may be unique in not mentioning the fact that workers also live in Hong Kong, which, because of the lack of government intervention, the authors offer in glowing tourist-page descriptions, as an economic "paradise." All one can conclude from this panegyric to the ability of multinational corporations to exploit Asians as well as Americans (how the Friedmans manage to extol corporations without acknowledging them is up to the reader to discover) is: (1) that the Friedmans have never been to Hong Kong; (2) that they were there but did not visit Kowloon City; (3) that they visited Kowloon City but forgot to open their eyes.

One finishes *Free to Choose* and realizes that one has not read a book about economics at all, for how can a book that purports to explain the real world do so by ignoring its most conspicuous features? The Friedmans must have had another purpose in mind. Since their book grows out of a television series, entertainment is a possibility.

Presumably PBS offered the Friedmans 10 weeks of our time as a counterweight to John Kenneth Galbraith's *Age of Uncertainty*. If so, the comparison offered by PBS is not fair. Galbraith writes lightly, laughs at himself, and understands that there is more to life than buying cheap and selling dear. The Friedmans—humorless, pompous, true economic determinists, materialists to the core—plod along, repeating their message, never admitting complexity, pounding reality into ideological dust.

Having dismissed both enlightenment and entertainment as motives for writing *Free to Choose*, I conclude that the Friedmans' purpose was exhortation. This is a tract for the faithful, a distillation of the Message. Given the current faddism that attributes all evils to government, the Friedmans will strike a responsive chord among the unhappy. They offer a simple analysis and an even simpler remedy. They have written a tract for the times. It is unfortunate that the times occurred two hundred years ago.

Alan Wolfe teaches sociology at Queens College in New York and has just completed a book, titled America's Impasse *(Pantheon), on the political economy of post-World War II liberalism.*

Show and Tell

Show People: Profiles of Entertainment
by Kenneth Tynan
Simon & Schuster, 317 pp., $11.95

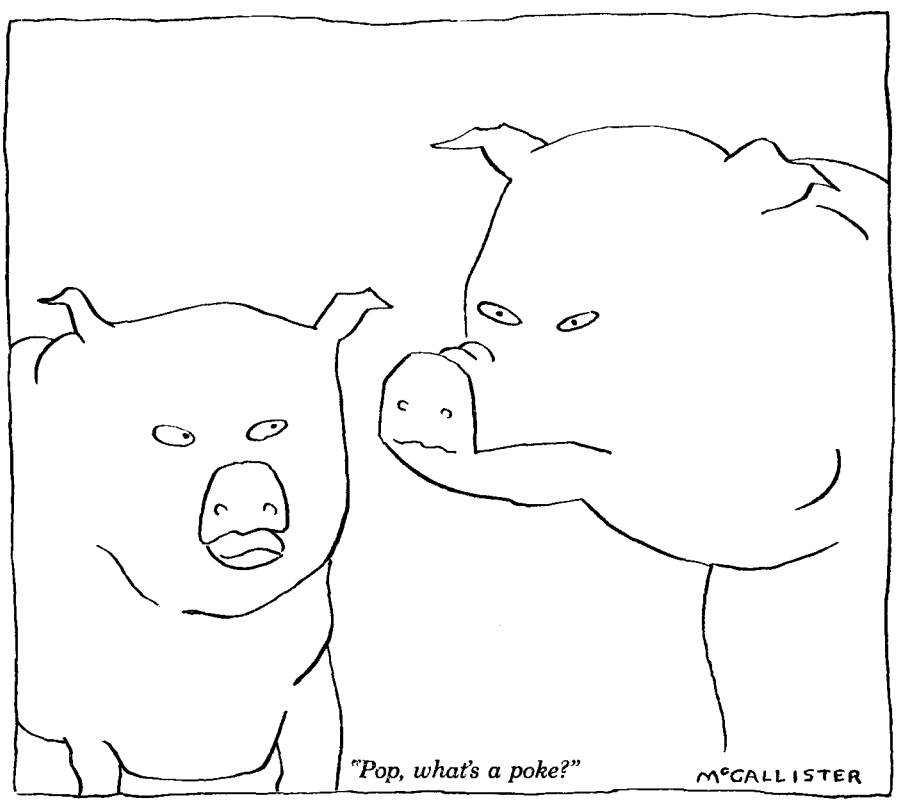
Reviewed by Stephen Harvey

OVER THE YEARS, Kenneth Tynan's collected work has basically come in two flavors—penetrating and often unsparing pieces of theater criticism and admiring portraits of the elite of show business found toiling on both sides of the footlights. Tynan's theatrical icons are eclectic, to say the least—from Merman to Coward to Lenny Bruce to Nicol Williamson—but the note of unflagging awe for the figures he writes about is the thread that unifies all his personality pieces. In these cases Tynan is a fan first and an astute journalist second; I doubt that he would ever sketch a lively-arts notable whose work he didn't revere to start with.

His current volume of essays, *Show People: Profiles of Entertainment,* covers a disparate bunch indeed: Sir Ralph Richardson, Mel Brooks, Tom Stoppard, Johnny Carson, and that Circe of the silent screen, Louise Brooks. The fact that all of these profiles appeared first in the *New Yorker* is a small but significant point. The limitless space the magazine offers its writers is a virtue with an evident catch to it. On the one hand, the writer may peruse his subject exhaustively, sifting for nuances he wouldn't have had the freedom to explore in the pages of other publications. Tynan clearly revels in this luxury, pausing for minute biographical trivia, painstakingly analyzing the themes and techniques that have marked these figures' professional achievements, watching and describing them at work when possible, interviewing his subjects and their friends and colleagues at length.

At the same time, such license can lead to a bit of redundancy and meandering, and frequently does here. Tynan alludes repeatedly to the Mediterranean allure of Mrs. Johnny Carson, reminds us to no apparent purpose that Louise Brooks entered the movies four years before Humphrey Bogart did, and continually reiterates his theory that Mel Brooks's outrageous comic *chutzpah* derives from his fear of death and of anti-Semitism, not necessarily in that order. Tynan's most lengthy digression occurs in the Stoppard essay, which contains a mini-profile of the Czech dissident playwright Vaclav Havel. He notes the shared ethnic heritage and intellectual playfulness of these two writers, while contrasting the British freedom of expression and Eastern European repression that have nurtured and blighted their respective careers. Yet the more insistently Tynan parallels their lives, the more irrelevant this finally seems to the purpose of his essay, which is, namely, the dramatist's gradually maturing social conscience.

You always get the sense in the *New Yorker*'s profiles that high public attainments aren't alone sufficient to merit such canonization; the author must also prove what a wonderful human being his subject is. Tynan too often succumbs to this tendency, without necessarily giving the reader enough substantiating evidence. Much of the Mel Brooks piece contrives to emphasize that he is not only a superior artist to, say, Woody Allen, but a joy to work with (for a contrasting view of Brooks as directorial



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taskmaster, see film editor Ralph Rosenblum's book *When the Shooting Stops, the Editing Begins*). Observing the acclamation Carson received at Harvard on accepting the Hasty Pudding Club's Man of the Year Award, Tynan observes that these undergraduates are applauding a "decent and magnanimous man." How do they know that? For that matter, how does he, considering how little of himself Carson apparently chose to reveal to Tynan in the course of this essay?

A curious link between the personalities surveyed in *Show People* is the fact that, Mel Brooks possibly excepted, they all seem remarkably private and contradictory people, and for all that Tynan reveals about them, they remain remarkably enigmatic. The most successfully realized profiles in the collection are those devoted to Richardson and Louise Brooks. Those essays are the two most concise, and both allow the idiosyncratic voices of their subjects to come through—the venerable actor's fey imperiousness and the onetime siren's bracing candor in retelling a life equipped with enough chutes and ladders to fill the scenarios of three Susan Hayward movies. Few critics are better than Tynan at isolating and describing the specific attributes that set an individual performer's work apart, and here Tynan really rises to his assigned task. As for the rest, elegantly written and comprehensive though they are, each finally gives the unsettling impression that for all his erudition, Kenneth Tynan is really just a classy groupie.

Stephen Harvey has recently been named film critic of Saturday Review.

Books in Brief

The Feast of All Saints
by Anne Rice
Simon & Schuster, 571 pp., $14.95

AFTER *Interview With a Vampire* (1976), her macabre but affecting first novel, we expect the unexpected from Anne Rice. Our faith has not been misplaced. Featuring many of its predecessor's literary traits—the penchant for gothic narrative, the relentlessly dense story line and, above all, the elegant precision of the style itself—this second novel tackles an equally exotic subject.

Rice's focus is on the doomed world of the *gens-de-couleur*, the "free" quadroons and mulattos who crowded New Orleans during the 1840s. Burgeoning into a strange antebellum aristocracy, these cultural hybrids spoke French, purchased their own slaves and, generally, lived a life of studied gentility. Yet their rights, like everything that sustained their identity, were borrowed. In their socially circumscribed world, "Nothing was anything until someone [white] defined it."

The Feast of All Saints tallies the price of life lived in social ellipsis. In particular, it details the destructive social contract of *placage*, that forceful and fatal misalliance between white men and the black women they kept. With architectural skill, Rice builds her harrowing, if occasionally melodramatic, story around the offspring of such an ill-fated union. Struggling to sever the ties that bond and bind them, Marcel and Marie Ste. Marie gradually perceive the prejudices willfully perpetuated by all sides, inexorably condemning them to living the lie of a diminished life.

Abetting this realization is a chorus of characters: Marcel's mother, "... with beauty and money enough to make her a public offence"; his mistress, of whom he is warned, "Hers is a treacherous nature because it's so simple"; and his mentor, Christophe, who counsels, "It is a dangerous thing ... to let someone give you a consummate vision of the world." Studded throughout are also some fine cameo portraits of slaves, sculptors, poets, and voodooists. Rice's narrative is drenched in detail. She evokes a fine particularity of period and place with a startling vividness. While a winnowing of material would have helped the novel as a whole, nonetheless Rice has done considerable justice to this compelling if neglected subject. —ALEXANDRA JOHNSON

A People's History of the United States
by Howard Zinn
Harper & Row, 512 pp., $17.50

RADICAL HISTORIAN Howard Zinn divides all America into three parts: an elite that enjoys the lion's share of power and prosperity; a middle class of "guards" who are coerced and cajoled, hectored and hoodwinked into doing the elite's dirty work; and an openly exploited underclass, including many ethnic and racial minorities.

From Columbus's extermination of the Arawaks to the military-industrial complex's incineration of Vietnam, it has apparently ever been thus. "The American system," says Zinn, "is the most ingenious system of control in world history." He wants to awaken the "guards" to their own oppression and oppressiveness, to persuade them to transfer their loyalty from the system to one of decentralized socialism that will run society "from the bottom up" in the interest of all.

In the past decade, many historians have written history "from the bottom up," bringing to light the lives of the inarticulate and the downtrodden. Happily, Zinn compiles many of their findings. Unhappily, despite occasional mention of elite strategy or concessions the masses have wrung from the elite, Zinn is interested almost exclusively in portraying naked exploitation. History for him has a one-cylinder engine. His book has no notion of process or complexity, no sense of how the terms of argument and weapons of battle have changed over time.

Reciting his tale of villains and victims, Zinn admits his bias candidly, insisting that "we need some counter force to avoid being crushed into submission." But readers unwilling to approximate truth by splitting the difference between a standard textbook and an anti-textbook will find Zinn's narrative unsatisfying. The Seventies were often demoralizing for skeptics and radicals, but an heir of Charles Beard and C. Wright Mills should be able to do better than this. —LUTHER SPOEHR

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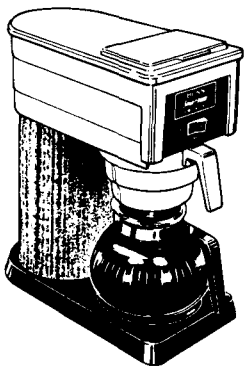
TOOLS FOR LIVING™

Tools for Living is an attempt to cut through the proliferation of products and bring unusually worthy values to your attention. Our items are not selected by an organized process. We've simply asked some friends to scout their areas of the country for well-designed items of honest usefulness that do what they say they will do—and at reasonable cost. We offer a mail-order service because many people find it easier to shop that way. Some of these items can be found in local stores. Wherever you buy, we trust you will find the information here helpful.

COFFEE SERVICE PAR EXCELLENCE

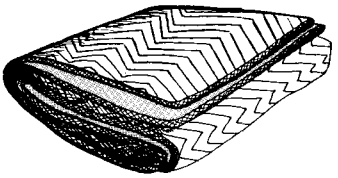


Having noted the popularity of home coffee brewers, **Tools for Living** set out to find the best unit of this type we could. It didn't take us long. The Bunn-O-Matic Corporation, which makes the vast majority of commercial coffee brewers, brought out a home model that we found to be outstanding in its design, performance and economy of operation. To begin with, the Bunn home model is constructed in essentially the same way as the commercial models, which are designed to work night and day with no down time. The guts of the Bunn unit are made of stainless steel and copper. Cheaper brewers use plastic and aluminum, which don't wear as well and which also tend to leach unpleasant tastes into the coffee. But most of all we were impressed by the energy efficiency of the Bunn. The Bunn unit utilizes three different heaters: an 800-watt heater, which comes on for about 10 minutes whenever fresh water is added to the system; a 40-watt heater, which stays on continuously and keeps the water inside the unit at 200°; and a 60-watt warmer, which is switch-controlled and used to keep brewed coffee warm (or to reheat it). The basic electrical cost to run the unit around-the-clock is a bit over 5¢ per day plus 1¢ per pot of coffee brewed. And keep in mind that the Bunn unit also has up to 48 oz. of 200° hot water available for making tea, hot chocolate, instant soup or for cooking—so it saves the cost of turning on the stove to boil a pot of water that invariably contains two or three times the amount of water you actually need. While the basics of construction and economy of operation sold us on the unit, the convenience and the quality of the coffee are its day-to-day pleasures. When friends drop by or when we have a dinner party, it is marvelous to have 8 cups of freshly brewed coffee ready in less than 3 minutes. As for the taste, you'll have to see for yourself—but the next time you are in a restaurant where you especially like the coffee, look to see if it wasn't brewed on a Bunn unit. Overall we are so impressed with the Bunn that we can think of only one *caveat*: the coffee is so good and so easy to make that you may end up drinking more coffee than you intend. But the will power is your department. The Bunn just does what it is supposed to do, and does it very well indeed. We can supply the Bunn home coffee brewer for $49.50 + $6.50 shipping and insurance (it weighs 12 pounds!). The manufacturer provides a 1-year warranty on the unit.

(A-104)

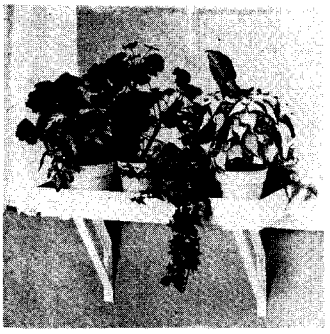
Astronomical facts. The interior temperature of the sun is about 35,000,000° F

A PAD FOR ANY PURPOSE



Browsing through *High Tech,* the bible of how the Industrial Esthetic style can be carried over into home decorating, we were especially struck by the potential usefulness of those quilted furniture pads employed by professional movers. They make splendid picnic or beach blankets, temporary throw rugs for lounging in front of the TV, multi-purpose pads for car or camper, luxurious beds for large pets, and on and on. These pads are certainly rugged enough to survive continued hard use. The quilting and stitching give the pads an interesting look while providing strength and softness. *High Tech* is right—the functional-without-frills style can result in a pleasing and unpretentious look. The problem with these mover's pads has been how to get your hands on them (unless you know a U-Haul dealer who runs a black market in them on the side). **Tools for Living** has arranged with one of the largest commercial manufacturers of these pads to produce a supply for **Tools** readers. These pads are a standard 68" by 76", bound all around, top-of-the-line in terms of weight and fabric quality. The pads are made with a different color on each side, the combinations a matter of mix-and-match pot luck. (If you make a choice among the following colors, we will be sure that *one side* is that color: dark blue (A-105), light blue (A-106), olive green (A-107), tan (A-108), brown (A-109), and white (A-110). The pads cost $18.00 each plus $3.00 apiece for shipping. Specify color.

WINDOW DRESSING



Do you have plants on any of your windowsills? If your house or apartment is like ours, the best south-facing windows are lined with a precarious assortment of pots perched in saucers, wrapped in tinfoil, or balanced in unused ashtrays. Never mind that you don't dare try to open the window or that the windowsills are water-stained and dirty. Well all that mess ended, thank goodness, when we found Humidi-Trays. These molded plastic trays fit any windowsill from 1" wide on up. A series of ridges in the bottom allows you to keep water in the tray without giving the plants wet feet. This humidity bath is especially important this time of year when most heated rooms are literally as dry as deserts. The Humidi-Trays provide added moisture directly *and* allow you to mass plants together so their transpiration benefits one another, creating a miniature greenhouse effect. The trays are 5" wide and 20" long and cost $5.50 each postpaid (A-51). Please specify white or green when ordering. For those one or two special windows that get great light, you may want to go a step further and put in an extended Humidi-Shelf. This is a 10" by 20" ridged plastic tray with a set of molded plastic brackets for mounting to the wall underneath the window. This tray provides space enough for a dozen or so small pots, so you have the opportunity to make a real window garden. The Humidi-Shelf Unit costs $11.00 postpaid and is available in white only.

(A-52)

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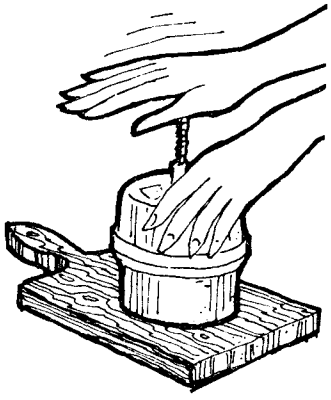
MAGIC MOP

Who would ever have thought we might *benefit* from the problem of oil spills? Well, there is a bit of good mixed in all that goo. The technology developed to cope with oil spills has also provided a way to take the oil and grease out of the food we serve. Oil Mop, Inc. is a New Orleans company with a patented process for making polypropylene fibers that attract oil like a magnet and reject water. Most of their business is making ropes of these fibers. The ropes are then put in the water near an oil spill where they pick up 19 times their weight in oil, which can then be removed from the rope and reclaimed. Now the company has brought out what looks like an oversized basting brush made of these same polypropylene fibers. All you do is brush this Magic Mop over any fried or broiled food—steak, hamburger, french fries—and it picks up the surface grease. Stir the Magic Mop through sauces, soups, gravies and stews, rinsing it out under hot water between passes, and you can remove 98% of the oil and grease in the liquid (the figure comes from

laboratory test results). No more sloppy skimming or waiting for the liquid to cool so the fat congeals. Hospitals use these Magic Mops to prepare meals for people with ulcers, heart disease and other conditions where it is advisable to minimize fat intake. We think the Magic Mop is a most helpful and healthful addition to any kitchen and we are happy to be able to supply them at $4.50 each postpaid. (A-53)

EASY PIECES

Should you doubt that cooking requires great patience and great attention, just go to work chopping vegetables in a Chinese restaurant. If you do your chopping with a knife, you'll quickly see that the faster you



go the more you jeopardize your fingertips. Yet to be utterly safe is to be painfully slow. Well, now there's a solution to this dilemma and you don't need to work in a Chinese restaurant to appreciate it. The Mouli Food Chopper takes care of chopping tasks so quickly, effectively and safely that even a slap-dash, get-it-in-the-oven househusband can feel like a Benihana chef. The chopper has a double-S stainless steel blade in a round housing. You use a kind of slapping motion to depress the knob on top, which both operates the blade and rotates it gradually, so the cutting axis is constantly moving. The chopper works beautifully on vegetables, fruits, nuts, cooked meats, stale bread, cheese, etc. It simplifies salad-making and speeds stuffings. If you enjoy Oriental-style cooking, you will find it an enormous boon. But you will undoubtedly first appreciate it for improving all those dishes that call for very finely chopped onions and that you used to shortcut because you couldn't see what you were doing through your tears. Your fingertips will also thank you. $6.50 postpaid (A-101)

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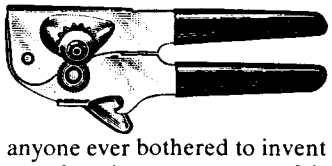
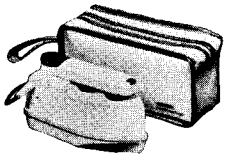
Ever since **Tools for Living** began, we have featured an unusual number of openers—from cork-pullers to Gilhoolies to one-handed jar openers. We don't know what conclusion to draw from this emphasis on openers, except maybe to observe **Tools** is nothing if not open to new ideas and better ways of accomplishing familiar tasks. But if better openers are to be our trademark, we cannot let the Swing-A-Way go unmentioned any longer. Although this product has been on the market for some years, it is simply the best operating, most durable and efficient can-opener on earth (or in space, for that matter: NASA equipped Skylab with the Swing-A-Way). We can hardly improve on the manufacturer's description of how the Swing-A-Way works: "Other can openers operate on friction . . . they force the cutter around the lid. We drive ours with gears, just like an expensive piece of machinery. As a result, Swing-A-Way is the easiest, smoothest-to-use can opener around. It never skips or stalls, even on badly dented cans." The Swing-A-Way costs $6.00 postpaid in the portable model. Given how well this tool performs, we can't fathom why



anyone ever bothered to invent an electric can-opener. It's guaranteed by the manufacturer for 5 years. (A-103)

IRONING ON-THE-GO

Do you know why elephants have wrinkles? Because they are too hard to iron. The same is true of most travelers. They have wrinkles because it's too hard to pack along a bulky, heavy conventional iron. Besides, the soleplate of old-fashioned irons is just too hot for most of today's miracle fabrics (delicate miracles, though, that still wrinkle under the hard use of travel). Now, however, there is the Steam Machine to smooth the traveler's way. This is an extremely lightweight (20 oz.) full-size plastic iron that needs no ironing board. It is a "cool iron," working by means of steam rather than direct heat, and it is guaranteed not to scorch or shine any fabric. The Steam Machine uses ordinary tap water and will operate in a



horizontal or vertical position (so you can use it on drapes and curtains as well as suits and dresses). There are 4 steam settings for flexibility. The handle folds away for easy storage and the unit comes in a good-looking, zippered carrying case. (The unit works only on AC current, so if you're traveling abroad, you'll need an AC/DC adapter.) We think it will become your choice for around-the-house as well. $22.00 plus $2.00 postage and handling. (A-100)

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Some of Their Favorite Places

I HAVE BEEN having some earnest conversation with two gentlemen from Great Britain concerning the state of that island kingdom. We talked neither of queens nor of kings, but of the personal preferences of each for corners of the realm, whether they lay in unpronounceable places in Wales, the likes of Machynlleth, or in such Scottish nooks as Muir of Ord.

My conferees were Sir Henry Marking, KCVO, CBE, MC, the very model of a modern English gentleman, and Mr. Egon Ronay who emigrated from Hungary where his father was the fifth largest taxpayer in Budapest, and his grandfather once owned a hotel called the Grand Hotel Ronay. Sir Henry is the chairman of the British Tourist Authority, which has to do with inveigling visitors to come to Britain and seeing that they are well cared for once they are there. Mr. Ronay, who comes from what he calls "a catering background," is to Great Britain what Michelin and Kléber are to France.

In the case of Sir Henry, his people publish a modest-sized booklet that one could slip into one's inside jacket pocket. It is entitled *Britain—Commended Country Hotels, Guest Houses and Restaurants* and sells for $1.90 in the United States. "I have removed entries for not giving value for money and I have warned others, 'Unless you pull your socks up, you're out,'" he says.

To make sure socks are not at half-mast, Sir Henry's book contains a stiff card on which those who have stayed at commended establishments are invited to write 10 lines of comment. The card is perforated for easy rip-off, as it were, requires no postage, and is self-addressed to Miss Ann Peachey, Commendations Schemes Officer, at the British Tourist Authority in London. Comments that are less than peachy may well result in removal from the list.

Mr. Ronay, on the other hand, publishes a number of books advising visitors, and Britons as well, where to eat and where to stay. The latest, *Egon Ronay's Lucas Guide to Great Britain and Ireland*, has been underwritten by the Lucas people, an industrial company involved with everything from aerospace to marine equipment. It is not to say that the Lucas people have had an influence on the choices made by Mr. Ronay and his staff, and as much goes for those who advertise in it. Mr. Ronay is very

Tenley Harbor, Wales—"A revelation."

persnickity on that subject and takes no commercials from any advertiser. His volume sells for $9.95 in this country.

On the subject of food served in Britain, Mr. Ronay, while munching a hot pastrami sandwich and nibbling on pickled green tomatoes at the American Charcuterie, a New York house of nourishment in Manhattan's CBS Building, discoursed on a number of theories. "To appreciate good cooking you have to have memories," Mr. Ronay says. "That's why in the first 25 years I tasted it, English food was bad. No memories. The aristocracy sent their boys and girls to boarding school where they grew up on institutional cooking. All this changed because the social structure changed. In a democratized Britain the young people of the middle classes, which were by then earning a high income, grew up on the Sunday joint and heavy hot puddings. They had a better food background.

"If these young people didn't like what they were eating, they could open their mouths and say so. The upper classes didn't talk about it. The whole matter was a little bit like sex. You know the advice of the matriarch to the young bride-to-be, 'Just close your eyes and do it for England.'"

Mr. Ronay, who knew the joys of rye bread spread with goose fat when he was a boy in Budapest, and who feels especially comfortable in New York, remains, all the same, very pleased with Britain and its new culinary ways. He glories in the west coast of Scotland, and talks with fervor of the October off-season in the Cotswolds in England—Castle Combe, Broadway, Stow-on-the-Wold, and Moreton-in-Marsh.

"For a one-day trip out of London it's Cambridge, hands down," he says. He calls the campus "a treasure trove," finds punting on the Cam more of a sport than one might imagine. "Once you visit Cambridge," says Ronay, "you come away with a total experience."

Second for him is Bath, a city he calls "perhaps the most beautiful in England." Here he recommends 15 establishments, and is particularly excited about the Royal Crescent, which is very small, recently refurbished, and has only been open a few months. He feared it might not keep up its standards.

Taken in Egon Ronay's sense, Sir Henry Marking is something of an anomaly. Marking has all the right credentials and yet he is loaded with childhood memories. An officer with the Sherwood Foresters in World War II, he fought in North Africa, in Italy, and in the Middle East, and won the Military Cross at Anzio. He learned Arabic, studied law at University College in London, and became a solicitor in 1948.

On the way to America recently, he lectured aboard the *QE II* on some of his own favorite places in Great Britain, a selection which we discussed together once he had set foot on dry American land. As it was to turn out, many of Sir Henry's favorites were entwined with memories of visiting there with his family when he was young.

"I first went to Wales 45 years ago," he recalled between puffs on a cigar, "motoring with the family and stopping overnight at Brecon, a charming little town on the way to Fishguard." At that coastal town, just below Cardigan, the car was shipped to Ireland. He hadn't been back until last year.

"It was a revelation to me. I motored all 'round Wales, and I was amazed at the beauty of those green Welsh hills and how untouched it all was. It is off the beaten track, but it is being discovered rapidly by foreign visitors.

"I was at the International Eisteddfod—I can't spell Eisteddfod—and stayed at another place I can't spell—Llangollen. The Eisteddfod is a music festival, one of the few that still have the charm of amateurism. Llangollen is set right in these mountains and I was there in June and I stayed at the Bryn Howel Hotel, just five miles out. I woke up in the morning and looked out of my win-

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dow, and they were mowing hay across the other side of the valley. You could just smell the hay, and I thought this is the nearest I shall ever be to paradise."

On the *QE II* Sir Henry met a deckhand who was wearing a T-shirt lettered with the word "Mousehole." "Where do you come from?" Sir Henry asked, and the man replied, "Mousehole," only he pronounced it "muzzle." "He asked me if I knew what that means and I said no, and he said, 'That's a corruption of an old French word meaning 'small port.' "Sir Henry professes no knowledge of whether that is true, but he cares about Mousehole, which lies at the end of the Cornish peninsula near Penzance.

Of Yorkshire, where he also traveled with his family as a child, he likes to talk of "the spectacular coastline with its huge gray cliffs." In those days the family would take a motorboat and "go across the Filey Brigg."

But Sir Henry's heart is not in the Highlands, nor is it in Yorkshire or Cornwall either. It lies in the village of Saffron-Walden in Essex, near the Cambridgeshire line. This is East Anglia, "where I live, where my father was born, and all the rest were born." Egon Ronay calls this "the most English part of England," and Sir Henry terms it "fairly undiscovered" mainly because the Epping Forest, north of London, was a nest of highwaymen and other scoundrels in the 18th century, and in the 19th century, when the railroads were built, they somehow neglected to provide service to this part of the country. It took the motor car to open it up.

Were he not in Britain he would find preferred places in Provence or in the Dordogne in France. "There is a little hotel called L'Abbaye in St. Cyprien in the Dordogne that has no bar. You just help yourself from the cupboard." If it were not Europe it would be New England. "It would be Cape Cod, and it would be an inn called High Brewster near Chatham. It's an 18th-century house with only a few bedrooms. The groundcover is all honeysuckle and the food is beautifully cooked. The lamb runs pink."

How did you happen to come upon that place? Well, he was motoring in Cape Cod and heard about it. "Since confirmed," he says, "by the girl who looks after my teeth and whose father is the fishmonger at Chatham. She says 'That's the best place on Cape Cod.'"

When you are a gatherer of information on where to go, where to stay, and where to eat, there is no telling where nuggets of precious intelligence may come from. If your dentist says, "Open wide," then whispers the name of some nifty lodging house in your ear, repress the urge to say "Ouch," and say, "Ah" (appreciatively) instead.

—Horace Sutton

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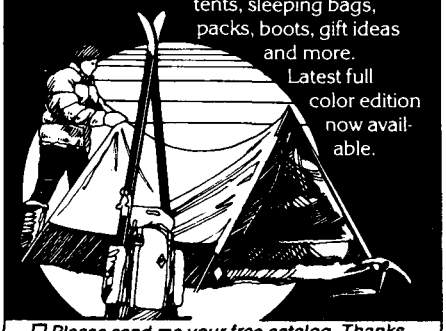

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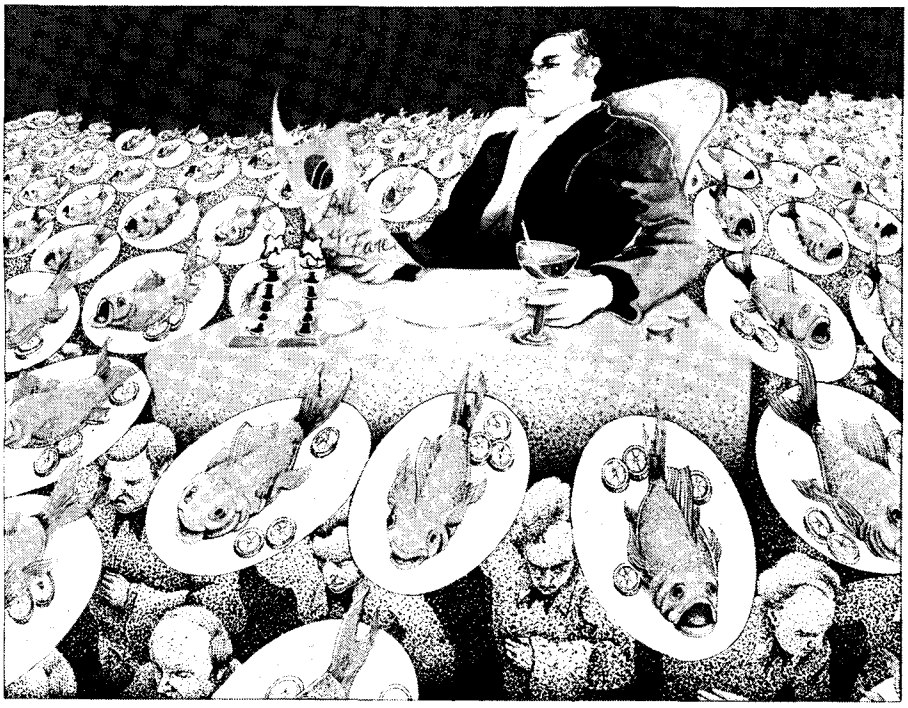
OH, CUISINE!

Fruits of the Sea in Barcelona



I KNEW ENOUGH about Franco's dictatorship—and too little about worse ones of the same period—to join the many Americans in Spain who felt guilty about indulging in Spanish luxuries. One of the ancillary pleasures of a meal in a shack-like restaurant called Casa Costa was the preservation of the food from acids of politics and of the conscience. In general, Barcelona struck me, as most visitors of my persuasions, as distinctly more rational and "European"—therefore more congenial—than Madrid. When a publisher took me to a smart restaurant in the capital, the "Fascist" plutocrats at neighboring tables, whom I took to be anyone in tailored clothes and with the smooth swarthiness of the Spanish upper-middle class, blunted my appetite. Barcelona was freer of such places, and the wholly unsmart Casa Costa seemed their opposite. Something identified the diners as the Generalissimo's opponents and/or victims. Open collars (instead of starched white ones with right-wing ties) framed honest faces of the Catalan intelligentsia. I felt certain that they belonged to liberal doctors, engineers, and editors who might have been Civil War friends of Orwell.

Although I'm equally certain now of the naiveté and irrelevance of such notions, Casa Costa's clientele continues to enhance its wonderfully robust meals. Their friendly ways and pleasure in meeting foreigners (again unlike Madrid in my experience) somehow underline their attitude toward their food. As in few restaurants I know, they come to *eat*. Casa Costa is that kind of establishment: The kind where you enter through the kitchen not because this has become fashionable, but because it grew that way, from its snack-bar days.

Most of the diners—who are, in fact, of the Barcelona intelligentsia—make the short trip from the city proper to Barcelonetta ("Little Barcelona"), the former sailors' quarter now inhabited chiefly by struggling "immigrants" from Andalusia, Galicia, and other poor provinces of central Spain. The best of Barcelonetta's hundred seafood restaurants and bars, Casa Costa was founded 50 years ago by a fishing captain and his wife who sold sardine sandwiches from a single table. It is now run by their daughter, a large sexagenarian who is the picture of grandmotherly bustle and love of food. The third Costa generation is represented by *her* daughter, who grew up in the restaurant. It's her home.

A few eccentrics order meat. ("Staak and Chips," "Chiken and Chips," and "Wineshnille and Chips" are features of the English menu.) Everyone in his right mind knows that this is one of southern Spain's best places for fish, with some of the happiest values anywhere in Europe. And if the mind is weak, functioning eyes and a nose can substitute for it. Sweetly fresh shrimp, crayfish, sea bass, red mullet, sole, squid, mussels, prawns, octopus, and other fish and seafood, from humble sardine to extravagant lobster, are stacked on ice at the entrance, just in front of the dishwasher with the gold tooth.

Costa cooking is the simplicity of which excellence and art are made. The celebrated Spanish *parrillada*, a mixed grill of fish, tastes as if it were cooked on a driftwood fire for the beach party of one's dreams. Bouillabaisse is better in the country of its origin, but the Costa specialty, a miscellany of shrimp, squid, mussels, tiny crayfish, and the lobster-like meat of a fish called *rape*, is one of the most appetizing seafood dishes I know. Cooked with greens in a deeper version of a paella pan, it has a sauce that seems much more than its makings of only tomatoes, garlic, paprika, and flour. The luxurious peasant-like creation is called "zarzuela," which is also the Spanish term for "musical comedy."

No bookings are accepted, and the peak dinner hour is a thoroughly Spanish 10 to 11 P.M. However, this is not really a Spanish but a Catalan restaurant, and as nationalist sentiment swells in Barcelona, one does well to bear the difference in mind. Still, Casa Costa isn't one of those places where the Spanish language can produce frowns. Patriotic sentiment seems best expressed by a dessert called Crema Catalana, whose custard-like body should be a national asset even without crust baked to a tantalizing glaze. The first time I went for lunch and saw by the light of a dog-day sun how plain the premises really were—the dining room of plasterboard over exposed planks, the veranda overlooking a Coney Island-like beach instead of a moonlit Mediterranean—I was afraid that its mystique of dining-on-real-food-with-real-people might be destroyed. This was more naiveté on my part. Casa Costa's mystique is that it has none, apart from what its heaping plates of shrimp grilled in garlic inspire. **—George Feifer**

Mr. Feifer is an American who lives in London. His most recent work was To Dance: The Autobiography of Valery Panov, *co-authored with Mr. Panov.*

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—OGLING Y. OGLING

Wit Twister No. 159

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash with a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

The stout roué ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___
his red cravat.
No ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ ___ . he gloried
in his fat
And, in his mirror, noted with a grin
How rolls of flesh rose, ___ ___ ___ ___
___ ___ , from chest to chin.

A.S.

Answers next issue

JANUARY 19 ANSWERS

Literary Crypt No. 146

Failure is very difficult for a writer to bear, but very few can manage the shock of early success.

Maurice Valency

Wit Twister No. 158

Neurotics, countries, cretinous

Middleton Double-Crostic No. 187

FRANK BLAIR: LET'S BE FRANK ABOUT IT

I asked the Sheik of Kuwait ... in his suite in the Waldorf-Astoria Towers, "What is the biggest problem your small country faces today?"

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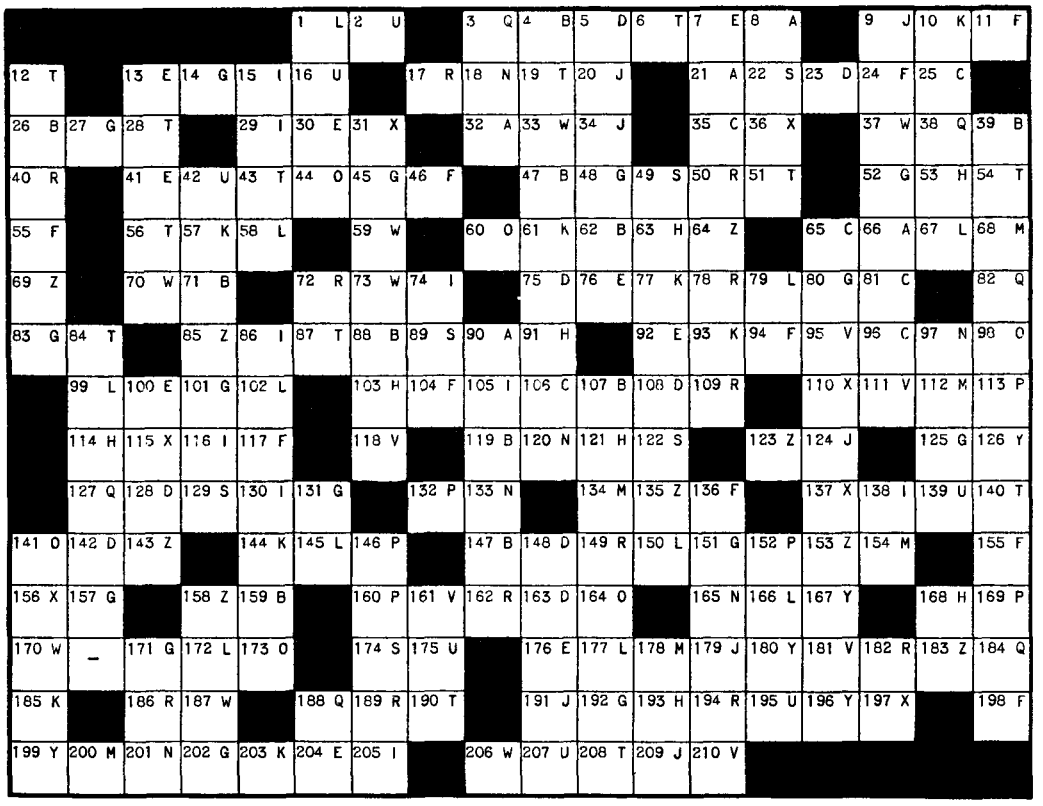
DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 188

by Thomas H. Middleton

Instructions:
If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle. Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.
The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.
The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.
You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

Answer to Double-Crostic No. 187 appears on page 46.



CLUES	WORDS
A. Contumely	8 21 32 66 90
B. Wood of the European smoke tree which yields an orange dye (2 wds.)	119 159 4 26 39 71 47 62 88 107 147
C. Persistent; unyielding	25 35 65 81 96 106
D. Town in Iran, birthplace of Omar Khayyam	108 128 142 148 163 5 23 75
E. A son of Poseidon; one of the Gigantes; brother of Otus	76 92 100 176 204 7 13 30 41
F. Partner; mate	55 94 117 136 198 11 24 46 104 155
G. One who is ready to perform a duty, seize an opportunity, etc. (comp.)	171 192 14 48 80 157 45 83 131 202 101 125 151 27 52
H. Signal for a train to move at full speed	53 63 91 103 114 121 168 193
I. Soviet seaport on Dvina Bay	15 86 116 130 138 205 29 74 105
J. Likely to collapse; tottering	124 179 191 9 209 34 20
K. Epic of India, one of the Puranas	93 144 203 57 185 61 10 77
L. Meddling or craftiness of a subtle nature (2 wds.)	79 99 150 177 1 67 145 166 172 102 58
M. Colonize	68 112 134 154 178 200
N. "The cool kindliness of ___" (Brooke, "The Great Lover")	201 18 120 133 165 97
O. Hide or conceal with foliage	141 173 60 44 98 164
P. Attacked violently or riotously	113 169 160 132 152 146
Q. Influence, effect	38 127 3 82 184 188
R. Carefree, gay, debonair (comp.)	194 50 109 189 17 40 149 186 182 72 162 78
S. One of a people of Malay stock in Luzon	89 129 174 122 22 49
T. Tragedy by John Webster (3 wds.)	28 56 19 12 43 6 140 54 84 190 208 87 51
U. Goods, movables, personal property	207 2 175 195 42 16 139
V. Jacob's favorite wife	161 118 95 111 181 210
W. Even if	59 206 187 37 70 33 170 73
X. Fine, smooth, glossy fabric	31 156 137 36 197 110 115
Y. Disease of rye and other cereal grasses	167 199 196 126 180
Z. Type of timing device	153 158 123 69 85 183 143 64 135

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Limits to Anxiety

AIRBORNE: My predecessor, Norman Cousins, once told me only half in jest that when he was editor of *Saturday Review*, the only place where he had time to think was on an airplane. I know what he meant. Quotidian responsibilities and telephones interrupt the calm that an idea's gestation requires. Above the clouds, no workaday crises can derail a train of thought.

My reading during this journey has included a handsome, fat book by Mark Girouard called *Life in the English Country House*, published by Yale University Press. The book unravels the history of English country castles, palaces, and manors, telling how they have been utilized during the past seven centuries and how changes in their usage have affected their architecture.

For many travelers and armchair travelers, the old estates of Europe shimmer in memory as a vision of what civilized man can accomplish. A sense of calm pervades these stately halls; a sense of order, tolerance, harmony; a recognition that each person, whatever his rank, was essential for the well-being of society. The permanence and dignity of the structures contrast starkly with the frenetic shabbiness of today's cityscapes. Nobles had these mansions designed with an innate tastefulness and respect for their fellow man and for posterity that make our contemporary esthetic senses seem withered by comparison. The architecture was dedicated to a responsibility that most modern buildings shirk: meeting the challenge of living together, as a community, all strata, from laborer to lord, peacefully. It is ironic that in our democratic culture, architecture and city planning strive to divide "class" from "class," privileged from poor, rather than to teach us how to live, cheek-by-jowl, together. It is easy to feel nostalgia for those days before the dawn of anxiety, when a firm hierarchy guaranteed every person a place and purpose in the universe.

It is tempting to fantasize a return to that earlier era. But the more one fleshes out the fantasy, the more doubtful it becomes that any contemporary man, except perhaps a social historian, could be satisfied living in that stratified past for long.

The problem would not be dank air, or spoiled meat, or primitive plumbing. It would not be social or geographical immobility. The problem would be boredom. As Mark Girouard reconstructs it, the pace of life in an English country house was awesomely deliberate. Time-consuming rituals pervaded every daily activity. Meals took hours, and conversation was circumscribed by strict conventions. A dinner for Edward IV's queen in 1466 lasted three hours, during which none of the dozens of guests was permitted to say a word. Several centuries later, garrulity was encouraged: Hours of polite conversation were demanded daily of the 18th-century house guest while attending a parade of formal entertainments from breakfast to supper.

How did the inhabitants of country houses endure those burdensome routines? Did they find them amusing? Perhaps. Occasionally. But even when they didn't, they could abide the tedium, having been trained to do "what was expected."

One profound difference that separates contemporary Americans from generations of forebears is the value we place on being amused. There is a widespread conviction nowadays that if one does not enjoy an activity, if one is not happy, then one is doing the wrong thing. We place a higher premium on a vocation's being fun than on its being worthwhile. Marriages crumble at the suspicion of discontent. Advertisers warn housewives that any meal or outfit or gathering is a failure if it is not a whiz-bang delight.

In saner eras, enjoyment was a by-product of one's occupation, not an end in itself. One might have been *satisfied* with an activity, even if one was not *enjoying* oneself. Today, our pernicious expectation of enjoyment erodes the possibility of enjoyment. No job or meal or relationship is as exciting or entertaining as we suspect it ought to be. The more determinedly we chase satisfaction, the more it eludes us. Studs Terkel's book *Working* suggests that most Americans dislike their jobs. Is the fault in our jobs or in ourselves?

Much of the calm of noble estates came from an acceptance of the world as preordained. One was born to play a certain role, and one played it, regardless of its entertainment value. Doing what one was supposed to do afforded sufficient satisfaction to both an earl and his groom. Nobody needed to be persuaded he was having "a good time."

There is no way by which we can restore that structured era. We may, however, derive lessons in tranquility from those stony survivors. The inhabitants of these mansions were not afflicted with anxiety because they accepted their place in the universe and their usefulness to society. However discontented they might have been with their lot, they believed there was a hierarchy, with God at the top, which controlled and shaped their world. Anxiety is freedom's siamese twin: We must determine for ourselves our value on earth. The estates show us that one way to limit anxiety is to accept whatever roles we have chosen for ourselves. We should ask of an activity not that it be fun but that it be worth doing. The more one demands enjoyment from one's life, the more dissatisfying life is likely to become.

—Carll Tucker

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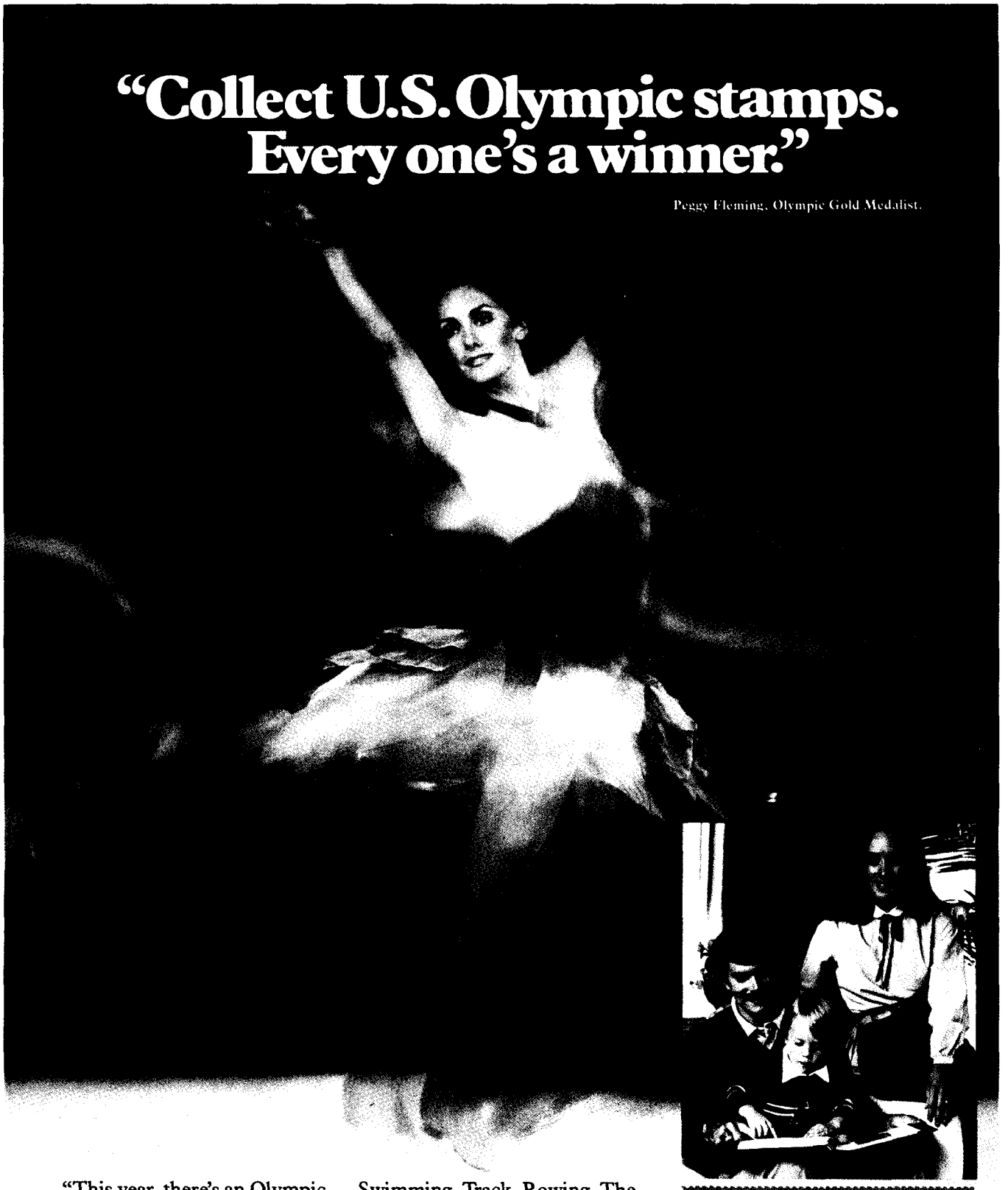

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